BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH, 1954
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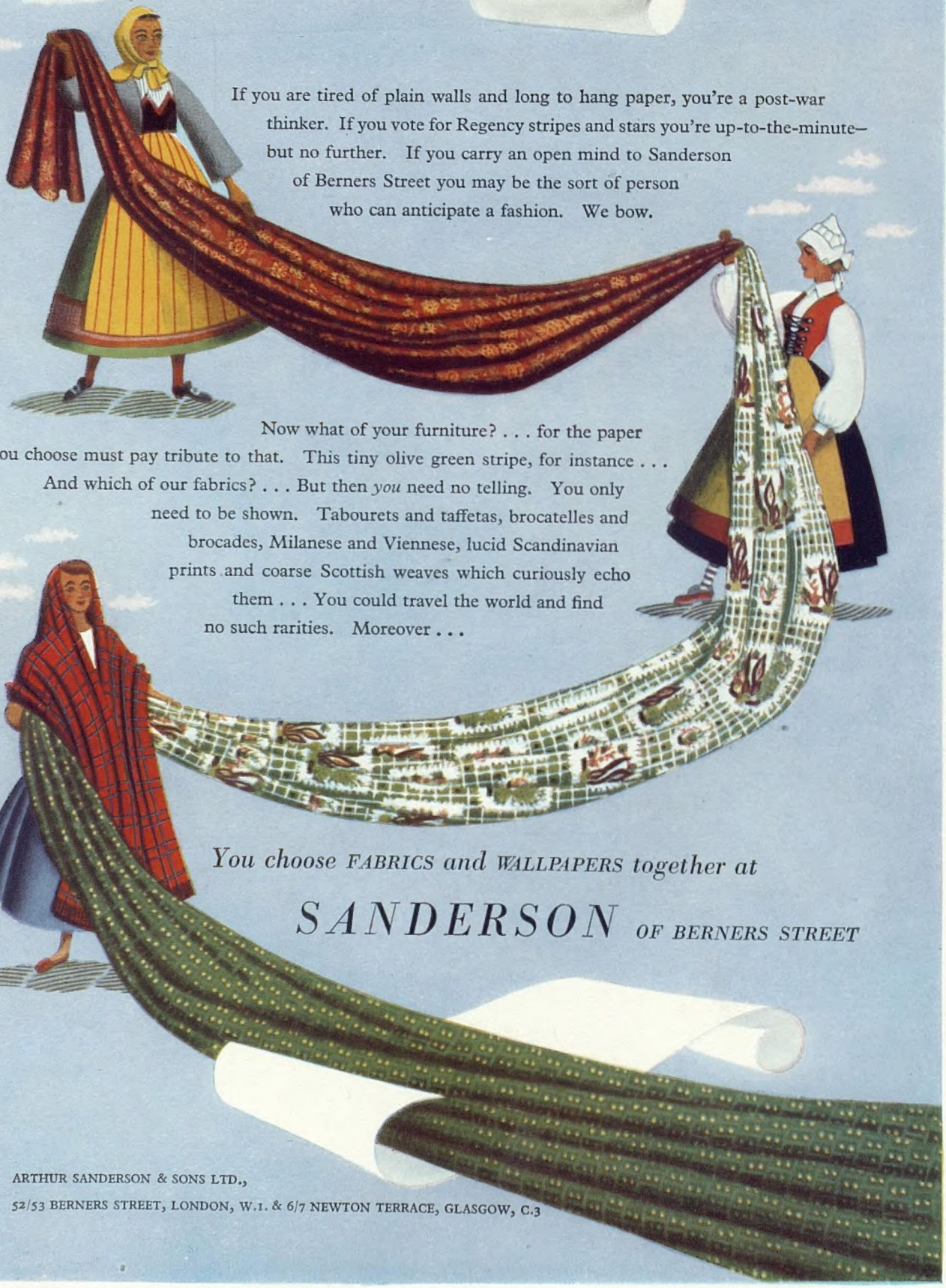

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 48. NO. 3.

MARCH 1954

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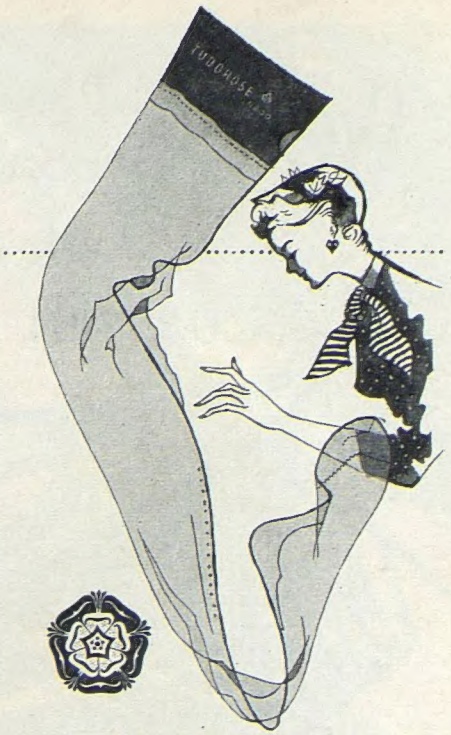

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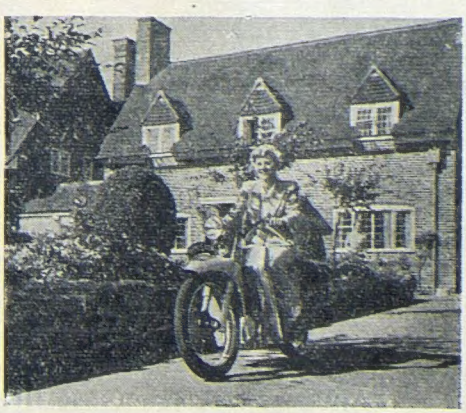

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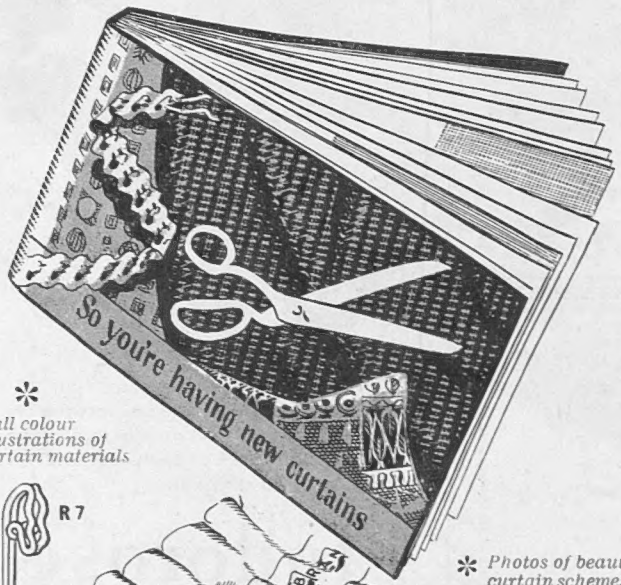

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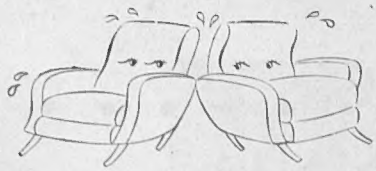

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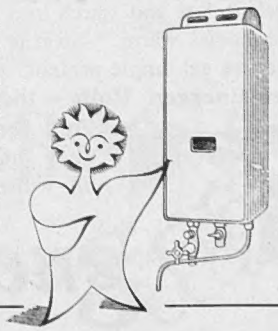

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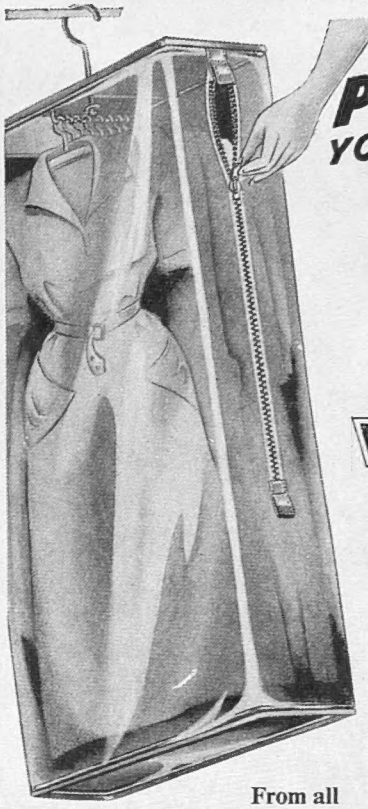

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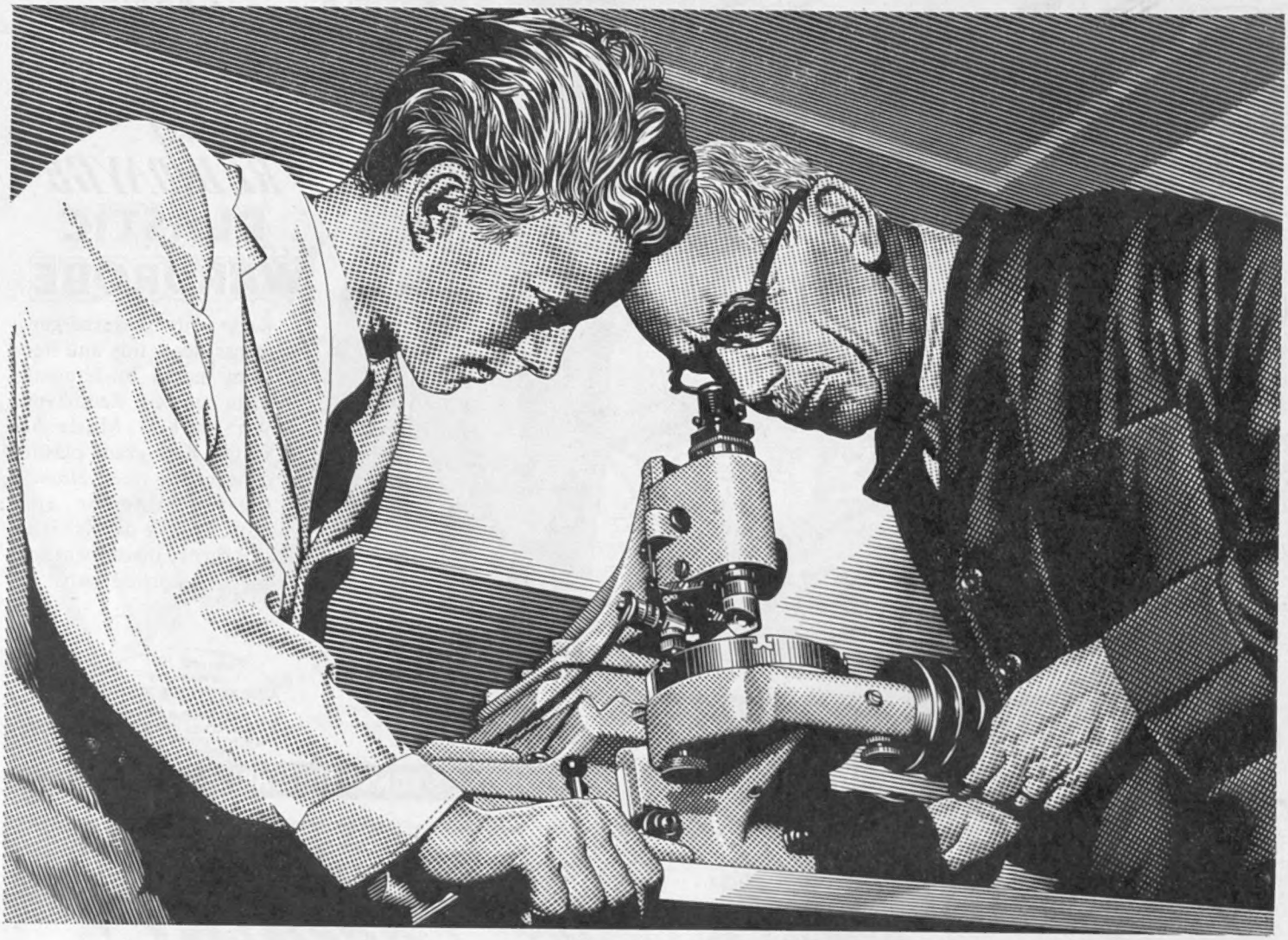

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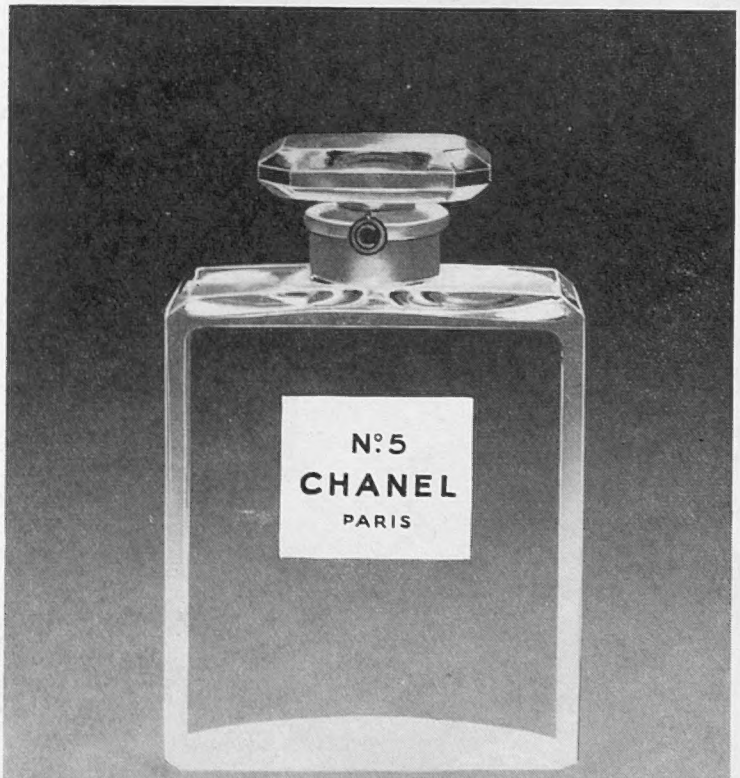

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Come Back to Eden

by Nina Warner Hooke

It was hard enough finding she was the only girl in the world, but the Professor's presence made things doubly difficult

"IT is a curious, not to say ironic, reflection," wrote Professor Pollinger in the log-book of the *Marina*, the oceanographic research vessel, "that my colleague and I owe our lives to the very force which has destroyed the rest of mankind. If it had not been that our observation chamber was constructed to my own suggestion, as an independent unit of propulsion powered by atomic energy instead of combustible fuel, we should not have been able to venture from the mother-ship and thus, though we survived the general catastrophe, we should eventually have died of starvation."

He paused and studied with critical detachment the sentence he had just composed. It was a trifle long and, to a prose stylist, cumbersome. But the syntax was sound and on the whole he was satisfied with it. He continued :

"Even so, our escape was fortuitous to a degree. It was undoubtedly due to our unique situation on the bed of the Pacific at a depth hitherto unreached that we two alone were unaffected by the global cataclysm set in train by the explosion of the last and biggest atomic bomb—the bomb which, if I may be permitted a colloquialism, went *wrong*.

"At the time it happened I was unaware that any such cataclysm had occurred. Miss Brett and I had been submerged for several weeks at 6,000 feet in the observation chamber, or Polliscope, studying the mass movement of copepods. It was not until we began to ascend to the surface that we received intimations of a sinister nature. At the middle and upper levels we passed through vast shoals of dead fish.

Illustrations by MIDDLEHURST

" On resuming contact with the *Marina* we were horrified to discover no single soul alive in her. The officers, crew and associate members of the expedition lay where they had fallen, apparently overcome by asphyxia. The difficulty we ourselves found in breathing, coupled with a rough alignment in dates, led me to the belief—though I am no Physicist—that the recent atomic explosion in Queensland might have been the responsible factor. I formed the conclusion that this super-bomb, believed to have been of many thousands of kilotons, had in some dreadful and unforeseen way temporarily destroyed the oxygen belt surrounding the earth, and with it, as an inevitable consequence, all human and animal life.

" This conclusion was borne out by a hasty investigation in the chart-room. The radar screen was glowing and the wireless dial alight, thus proving all mechanisms to be in working order; yet instead of the babel of sounds and voices normally produced by the turn of a switch, there was only silence—a universal silence extending to the farthest corners of a stricken world and a dead civilisation.

" After a hurried reconnaissance Miss Brett and I re-entered the Polliscope, which has its own apparatus for extracting oxygen from water, and submerged to a safe depth. We decided to make for our base, the Oceanographic Research Station on Bougainville, in the Solomon Islands. We had sufficient food in dehydrated form and the means of distilling fresh water from salt.

" The long, slow journey—it took several months—was itself an important factor in my survival plan. My theory was that with the passage of time vegetation over the earth's surface would recreate and restore the oxygen belt.

" On arrival at Bougainville we found both my theories to be proven. Firstly, the restoration of normal atmospheric conditions. Secondly, the total population wiped out and already reduced to bleached bones by the tropical sun. All efforts to establish a contact anywhere else in the world through wireless transmission elicited no response whatever.

" Thus Miss Brett and I, in good health ourselves and with most of our lives before us, were faced with the appalling inference that we were the sole living beings on this planet. I believe it was only our training as scientific observers that enabled us to keep not merely our heads in the immediate crisis, but our reason itself during the days that followed.

" I was glad to find Miss Brett in agreement with me on the unwisdom of remaining where we were. The deserted town presented a most painful spectacle. If we were to contemplate a continued existence—and I say *if*, because at one stage we were tempted to take our own lives and complete the annihilation of our species—then plainly it would be better to do so under conditions as far removed as possible from associations of the past.

" We therefore embarked again in the Polliscope and steered for one of the uninhabited atolls on the outer fringe of the Solomons group. By virtue of the fact that my colleague's foot made the first imprint on the coral strand we have christened our refuge Brett Island.

Here we have anchored the Polliscope, transferred our stores and made camp. And here, if my premise is correct, we shall remain for a problematic period, if not for the remainder of our lives."

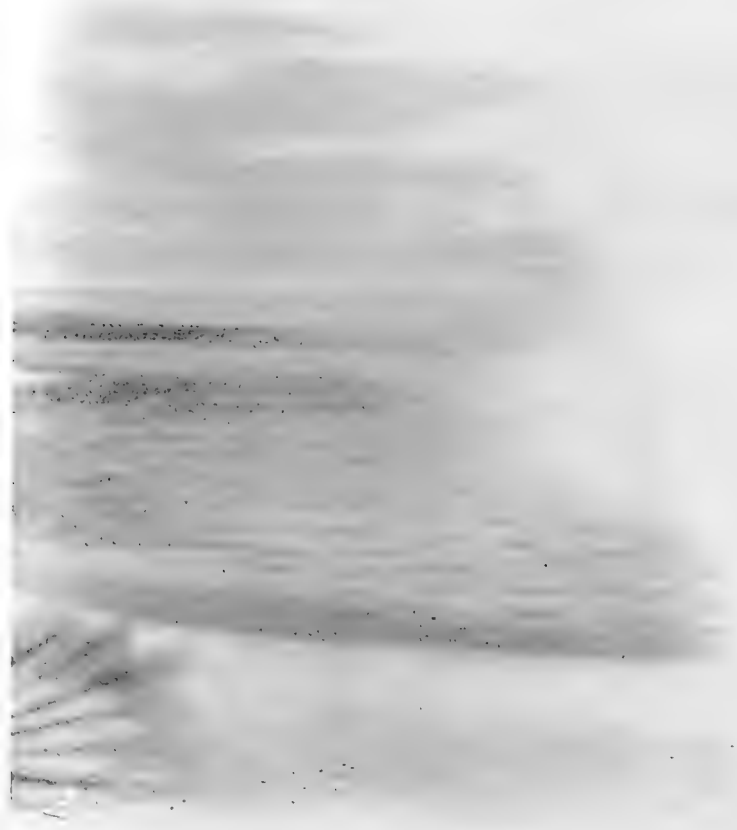
THE island was plentifully endowed with coconut and bread-fruit trees and various edible roots. It had also a spring which gushed up in a glade among the palms to form a charming little pool fringed with ferns and creepers.

Beside this pool Miss Brett was, at the moment, engaged in spreading out the washing. A pink silk petticoat made a splash of colour amid the ubiquitous greenery. A short distance away stood the tent, well secured by pegs and guy-ropes against the trade wind, which afforded shelter at night. In its lee was the cooking fire, still smouldering in a cairn of stones.

The scene in the glade was pleasantly reminiscent of a summer camp site in the English countryside. But extension of the visual range quickly shattered the illusion. Fifty feet up, the plumy tops of the palms thrashed against deep indigo. Below and beyond, the sweep of the white coral beach encircling the lagoon was a blinding glare. The Professor blinked behind his thick-lensed glasses. He laid down his pen, rose from the collapsible table at which he had been working, carefully replaced the log-book in an oilskin wrapper and strolled over to talk to Miss Brett.

It was a by-product of their peculiar situation that it should have become increasingly difficult for him to do so. This was very awkward as he had matters on his mind which had been growing for some while in weight and urgency and which now demanded clarification and an exchange of views with his companion. He did not know quite what was the matter with her. They had been colleagues for several years.

"I don't see," she said, "that anything is to be gained by balking the issues. It will be your business to forage, mine to prepare the food you provide"



In the Polliscope, as in the laboratory, they had worked in such smooth, close harmony that their two minds acted as one. Yet here, jolted violently out of context by a disaster so absolute that they could scarcely comprehend it, and thrown together in circumstances where their mutual compatibility should have been of the utmost value, they were shy and constrained with each other. It was possible that Miss Brett's physical state was partly the cause. She had been ill with shock for some time after landing on the island, and though outwardly recovered was still feeling the effects of personal loss. Professor Pollinger could sympathise with this, though he was himself a solitary, orphaned at an early age and dedicated with monastic fervour to the cause of science.

MISS BRETT, on the other hand, came of a large and close-knit family. As she knelt now by the spring she was lost in memories of their house in Chislehurst, with its apple orchard and neat herbaceous border, of her widowed sister Violet, who shared it with them, of her two young nephews and the ginger cat Petrarch.

Her mind dwelt on the glow of firelight on a winter evening, on her father absorbed in *The Times* cross-word, on Petrarch washing himself on the hearthrug, with one hind-leg cocked aloft, on herself tuning the radio to the Third Programme, while from the room overhead came thumps and squeals of the two little boys having their nightly romp before being put to bed. Her eyes glistened as she wrung out a pair of the Professor's tropical shorts. A shadow fell over her, and she glanced up to find him standing by her side.

"I was wondering——" he began.

"Yes?" she prompted gently.

"I was wondering, Miss Brett, whether you would agree to our building the fire on the other side of the glade? I find the smoke blows consistently in my direction."

"By all means. Build it wherever you like."

"The objection is that it will not be so convenient for you, with respect to the cooking. You will have farther to carry the pots and plates and so forth."

"It doesn't matter in the least."

"I think it does. You should not be put to added strain. And in this connection, you must not think me ready to let the whole burden of what one might call the domestic side of our arrangement fall upon you. We must share in this equally, as in everything else."

"It wouldn't work," Miss Brett said shortly. "Look what happened when you made the tea yesterday. It tasted like ink."

SHE sat back and considered, coolly and without disparagement, his myopic eyes, bony legs, delicate hands and general air of an intellectual ascetic. She herself, she thanked heaven under the circumstances, was of tougher fibre, despite her academic distinction, and she had not forgotten the lessons of a practical upbringing. She could cook and she could sew. Whether she could also fell timber, clear land, build a house and make herself mainly responsible for the welfare, not to say continued existence, of herself and her companion, remained to be seen. But if she failed, it would not be for lack of courage to make the attempt. There was in her the stuff of hardy, pioneering forbears.

"I don't see," she went on, "that anything is to be gained by balking the issues. Since we are reduced to primitive conditions it is inevitable that we should fall into our respective natural rôles. It will be your business to forage, mine to prepare the food you provide. Which reminds me to ask where you have stowed the last of the corned beef."

Professor Pollinger ignored the query. It was doubtful if he even heard it. Into his eyes had come the rapt, unfocussed look which indicated a high level of cerebral activity.

"Miss Brett—or may I at this stage of our association call you by your Christian name?"

"Certainly, if you know what it is."

There was a slight pause, during which the Professor hastily groped in the cluttered storehouse of his mind.

"It's Amy, isn't it?"

"No," replied Miss Brett, with a touch of asperity. "It's Lucy."

"Lucy, then. We have now been here nearly eight weeks. You are recovered in health, and the time is ripe for discussion of a subject of all-embracing importance to both of us—namely, our future. In fact, what you said just now about our natural rôles leads me to suppose you are already preoccupied by the same trend of thought as myself. You would agree, no doubt, that the phrase 'alone in the world,' usually employed as a mere figure of speech, is in our case an accurate description?"

Miss Brett frowned. "Theoretically, yes," she replied. "But it is possible that there are certain areas remote from wireless communication where human and animal life may still exist."

"Miss Brett—I beg your pardon—Lucy," the Professor resumed, "in the absence of evidence to the contrary, my theory must be accepted as a working hypothesis. For the present, the statement that we are the last of our race is a justifiable postulation. This is calamity. But it is not total calamity. We have it in our power to be the first of a *new* race, regenerated under ideal conditions."

The Professor's eyes glowed with mounting enthusiasm. Perspiration beaded his forehead.

"THINK of it—a fresh start in a virgin field! No legacy of racial taints and superstitions, no dogma of original sin nor tabus of an effete priesthood. Neither gods nor devils. No territorial problems. A diet that involves no taking of other life save that of plants—hence no pre-conditioning to bloodshed, consequently the probable elimination of warring impulses and the prospect of universal peace and brotherhood. None but ourselves possessing the key to the past and sworn never to reveal it. What an experiment in eugenics and sociology!"

He did not notice that his companion had stiffened and that her face had reddened under its sunburn. He swept on, a visionary in full spate.

"From the family to the tribal unit will be a natural transition, with the patriarchal framework gradually giving place to self-supporting colonies. From such a society, with no traditions save those of free speech and rational thought, non-predatory, non-nomadic, purely agrarian, there will spring in time to come civilisations equal, if not superior to, any that have yet developed. I do not anticipate any outflow from this island until the sixth generation. I have already surveyed the cultivable areas and I estimate that they are capable of supporting between three and four hundred persons."

"If I understand you rightly," Miss Brett put in when he paused for breath, "these persons you are talking about are to be descended from—*us*?" Her voice faltered on the last word.

"Naturally. You are not as young as I could have wished, but even so I calculate that you have a reproductive potential over the next ten years of six progeny. We both come of sound stock with the same ethnic characteristics——"

"One moment," Miss Brett said, in a tone that was perceptibly colder. "You visualise these descendants of ours as the nucleus of a race of atheistic materialists?"

"Inevitably. Though I don't say a religious impulse will not assert itself eventually. We may live to find ourselves deified in a form of ancestor worship, and if that happens——"

"It will not happen," said Miss Brett. "You may not know it—I perceive now that although we have worked together for a long time you know very little about me at all—but I was brought up in the Christian faith and have no intention of forsaking it. Please"—she held up her hand to forestall an uprush of protest—"do not ask me how I am able to reconcile Christian doctrine with the discovery of evolution, because I shall decline to answer. Instead, I will ask *you* a question. Do you not acknowledge the hand of God in our miraculous preservation?"

"Certainly not. I acknowledge only the good fortune of our being of the anthropoid species, the highest achievement of organic evolution. Since only two creatures have been allowed to survive and repopulate the earth, it is disturbing to reflect that they might well have been a pair of giraffes."

"A pair of giraffes," said Miss Brett succinctly, "would not have been in an observation chamber on the bed of the Pacific at the time of the disaster. For one thing, they could not have got into it."

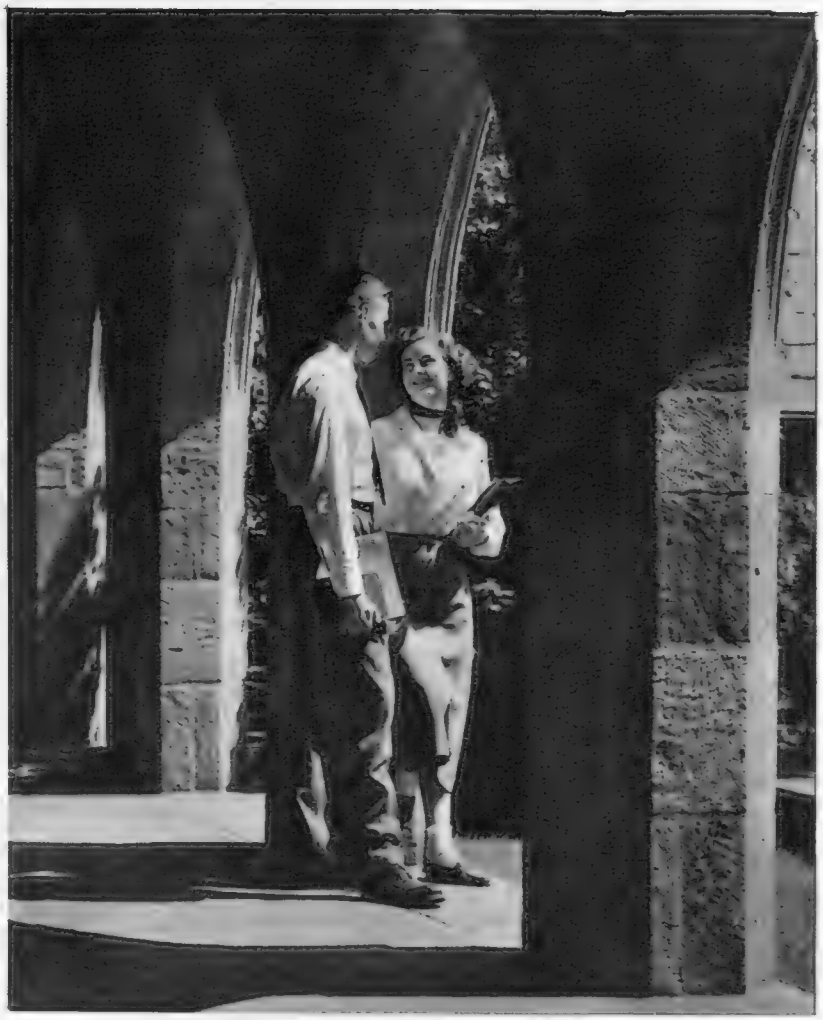
THERE was a pause. Then the Professor said with a sigh, "I must admit I was unprepared for this fundamental difference of outlook between us, nor do I understand it. But since your co-operation is necessary to my project, I am ready to make concessions in order to ensure it. We will build a small tin church of the type beloved by Anglican missionaries. We will equip it with the ship's bell which I luckily removed from the *Marina* and brought along with us, and you shall ring it yourself every Sunday morning as a call to divine worship. Will this persuade you to accede to my proposal?"

The negative nature of Miss Brett's reaction was clear by the manner in which she rose and walked rapidly away in the direction of the beach. (*Continued on page 77*)

So often we try to put the blame for youth's defiance and the problem of the "difficult daughter" on ourselves . . . . but isn't it fair to say that the parent is NOT always wrong?

By

KATHLEEN WALLACE



Too Grown-up *at Seventeen?*

A POET once described his small daughter, thus: "*. . . My joy, my bliss, my bane, She brings me sunshine of the heart, and softening of the brain.*" I believe that these words can be applied to almost any adolescent daughter.

The air is so full of discussion of the problems which concern to-day's adolescents that it fairly hums and vibrates with the arguments. I suppose that never in social history have young people been considered so important. The opinions expressed, the solutions offered, the treatments approved, cannot fail, at times, to startle and exasperate the older generations.

But those of us who are of an age to remember a very different general attitude towards the young and their mental growing-pains, would be well advised to feel grateful for the new trend. It is not so long since the older regime; of which, at its best, the key-words might be named as Implicit Obedience on one side and Love-Without-Much-Understanding on the other. And at its worst, it resolved itself into the tyranny of the elder and the subjection of the younger.

Earlier still, the picture is even simpler. The parent was all-powerful; his or her word was law. The growing child was to be Kept In Its Place. And anyone need go no further or deeper into research than the familiar Victorian novelists who are household names, to gain some idea of what heart-breaking domestic tyrannies were often taken for granted as a natural state of things.

There were blacker depths, too. Harsh and ignorant nurses, governesses whose rightful habitat should have been Holloway Gaol, punishments which left effects on young nervous systems never to be healed. . . .

To-day, the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction; and—let 's face it—in certain respects, has swung too far. But pendulum-swing is as inevitable as the laws of gravity and has a way of righting itself, given time.

We are living in a period when there is an unprecedented demand on all hands for the righting of various past wrongs. And, human nature being the incomprehensible blend of good and evil, sanity and madness, which it is, the manifestations are bound to include exaggerated remedies.

Which brings us back to the problem of Dickens' "Young Person"; to-day's schoolgirl; the Difficult Daughter.

She is no longer suppressed. In the past, the girl in her teens was kept well and thoroughly out of the picture until the transformation-scene which turned her into a Young Lady, overnight. You remember Jane Austen's thumbnail picture (in *Emma*) of Mrs. Goddard's pleasant school: "*where girls could be sent to be out of the way and scramble themselves into a little education.*" And, again, in *Mansfield Park*, Tom's account of his mistaking a schoolroom daughter for her elder sister, and the comment: "*Miss Augusta should have been* (*Continued on page* 81)

★ *The author of this article—well-known novelist and mother of four—is herself a member of a close-knit family circle and has had lifelong and close acquaintance with the problems that beset youth. Her conclusions are based on her own observations and experience within a big family group.*

Fit To

What are the enduring factors of design which make furniture and furnishings easy to live with? And how are they recognised?

THEY were just an ordinary married couple wandering rather aimlessly round a modern homes exhibition. They paused before a contemporary living-room, obviously taken by its sleek, "natural" woods, the elegant lines of its chairs, the stimulating colours and patterns of its fabrics. Then, unconsciously echoing what most of us have felt at some time or other, *she* turned to her husband: "I do like this modern stuff—but I wonder whether I could *live* with it."

Her common sense had warned her that there are the bores in design as well as in society. All the usual clichés about "playing for safety" and "timidity" would have been as rightly resented as though you 'd tried to choose her friends for her. Indeed, choosing the things with which we have to live constantly, whether they be furniture, fabrics or the smallest accessories, *is* rather like choosing our friends. But what are the qualities that destine some of them to become on closer acquaintance mere bores, others like those "friends" to whom "we still go on sending cards at Christmas and birthdays," and only the rare few to develop into true friends whose friendship ripens with the years?

Although there are always those impetuous souls who, despite experience, tumble headlong into—and out of—friendships every other week, when it comes to people, most of us have a pretty shrewd idea of the types who don't wear well. There is the aggressive bore with very definite ideas who metaphorically pins you like a butterfly to a board determined that you shall hear them. The fabric with the over-insistent pattern, the china cabinet shaped like a lyre: these may well develop into this kind of bore.

Or there is the colourless bore, whose sins are of omission rather than commission, whose conversation is a string of platitudes: the human counterpart of those wallpapers, for example, whose indeterminate designs are rather like textured porridge. The chintz with the platitudinous posy of rosebuds, too, is a little like the bore who has nothing particular to say but continues to say it.

But almost more wearing than the bore is the over-stimulating friend: "So delightfully vital—but, oddly enough, by the end of the afternoon I felt quite exhausted." Equally, I suspect that most of us find large doses of the "stimulating" colours like vivid reds, orange or jade-green irritants rather than stimulants after a short time, although they are indispensable in small quantities. Similarly, some patterns, stimulating at first, merely irritate later. It seems likely that the orderly pattern composed of fairly regular shapes will wear better than some of those "stimulating" designs of haphazardly-spattered "free form" motifs. And circles and squares are notably easier on the eye than triangles or ellipses.

CERTAIN designs seem fated from the start to date. They are those with a purely novelty or fashion appeal. Remember the "sunburst" and "lightning flash" decorations that adorned almost every piece of modern furniture and were even cut into mirrors just before the war? They seem as mannered to-day as the schoolboy who continues to call everything "wizard" when his companions are calling it "supersonic." For design, like language, has its clichés, and among the things doomed to become as dreary as last year's slang I would include any form of decoration that (*Continued on page 79*)

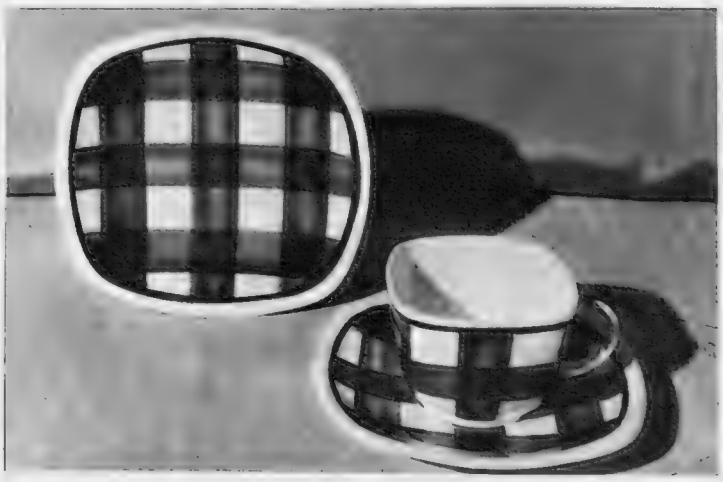
The test of any individual piece of furniture or furnishing is whether or not its personality is intrusive when placed in its setting. In the room sketched opposite, all the furnishings live easily with each other, and therefore together they create an atmosphere of homeliness and peace. The breakfast table appurtenances, right, and the cocktail cabinet, inset, are both pleasing to look at and practical in use

By

MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Live With?

Below are four pieces which, for different reasons, will prove uneasy in everyday use. The handle of the streamlined-at-all-costs teapot is asking to be broken, and imagine food on the plates whose tartan pattern fits so uncomfortably on the off-square shape. The ship lamp and cottage teapot are novelty designs carried to extremes



Robin Darwin, Principal since 1948, chats with two students

London's other University

by KAY SMALLSHAW

Where promising art students can get further education in the whole field of modern design—Britain's own art university

"JEAN'S got her place at the Royal College of Art," said my friend impressively. Jean had been at an art school for almost three years, and was surely nearly at the end of her training, I thought, but I hastily congratulated her mother and waited for a clue. What I learnt sent me to that Victorian red brick conglomeration of museums, institutes and colleges, known familiarly as "South Ken," to find out more.

Logically, this Royal College, which is in fact Britain's Art University, open to only the most outstanding students of the fine arts and design, should have an imposing facade. Instead, the unpretentious entrance, next door but one to the side block of the Victoria and Albert Museum, is easily missed. Yet, on the other side of the panelled door, surmounted by the refreshingly modern-looking Royal Arms carved in creamy stone (early work of the ex-student who is to-day a sculptor of acknowledged genius), the personality of the College is soon felt. You glance appreciatively at the lithographs that edge the stairs, the mural on the landing, then quickly move to one side to give place to the flood of absorbed, purposeful young people—and discover the secret. Throughout the studios and workshops, even among the chattering, clustering groups in the students' big dining-room with its stage at one end, the sense of lively urgency is unmistakable.

"THERE 'S so much to do, so much to learn, and we all feel conscious of our obligations to those who made it possible for us to come here," the President of the Students' Common Room, a friendly New Zealander here on a Commonwealth scholarship to study painting, explains gravely. However much they may enjoy contributing to the leisure-time activities organised by the Common Room—the music, play and film societies; "Ark," the magazine; the sports clubs and the dancing, it is obvious that what matters to each of the 400 students is the branch of art to which he or she is pledged.

Entry to the College is through a stiff (*Continued on page* 84)

Madge Garland

Few women in the fashion world have the flair and unrivalled knowledge of all aspects of the business of Mrs. Madge Garland, formerly editor of the woman's section, "Britannia & Eve"

Robert Goodden

Holder of the rare distinction R.D.I. (Royal Designer for Industry), Robert Goodden trained as an architect, but his name is now particularly associated with silversmithing, jewellery and glass, of which School he is Professor

Sir Hugh Casson

All first-year students at the Royal College of Art, whatever their subject, must attend the lectures on architecture arranged by Sir Hugh Casson, Professor of the School of Interior Design

She thought she could split her heart in two, giving Allan half and her mother half, too

Divided Loyalty

BY

YVONNE SEAGER

Illustrations by NOEL McVEIGH

JUDY woke with the feeling that she had to fight a battle. Considering which day it was, it wasn't a very good beginning. She sat up in bed, clasping her knees, her loose curls a black stole around her shoulders, her nightdress a rag of shirred nylon. Always a restless sleeper, she must have been worse than usual.

The house was very quiet. In different rooms, in different attitudes of sleep, lay those she loved. Her mother slept in the big square bed that had been her father's, too. The capable hands were still, relaxed on the very white coverlet. The mouth had softened, its authority fled for a while down the corridors of sleep. Mrs. Camlake ran her family very successfully. It was impossible to have a mood or a plan or a secret from her. Not an idea, but she couldn't better it. Not a new acquaintance, but she'd pass judgment after the first meeting. Not even a dream, but she'd explode it as ridiculous—or precipitate it into the hard black and white of fulfilment.

It had been like that all Judy's life: the weaker other people were, the more dominant and resourceful Mrs. Camlake was. It was the basic material on which she worked, the weakness, the indecision of others. "Organization," she called it herself. "Really, I don't know where you'd all be without me to think for you."

"Interference," Allan said, once. Then he'd seen Judy's face. "I realize she means well, of course——"

"Oh, Allan, I know! You're going to say I'm just a—a climbing geranium, dependent on its trellis." The trellis was Mother, always conveniently near, and Judy—with her green dress and scarlet mouth and her tall, almost sculptural beauty—had looked a little like a climbing plant, he thought.

He pushed an escaping tendril of black hair from her forehead, and smiled encouragingly. He wanted her terribly, but he didn't want to frighten her. They had so many sterile years to make up for. So many tears. Such loneliness. . . . For a moment the redoubtable Mrs. Camlake was only a lay figure in her daughter's background, without colour or importance. "I love you, Judy. And oh, darling, I need you very much." The sea wind scattered his words, but not their urgency. He rolled over on the short grass and buried his face on her shoulder as if he couldn't bear her to go back to the car.

Judy, responding, felt that no one could prick the bright balloon of her confidence, then.

IN the next room to hers, Leila's blonde, defeated head snuggled into its pillow. Leila had no worries—now. For her Mrs. Camlake was all-knowing, all-providing and wonderful. Her life was spent between admiring her son and deferring to her mother-in-law.

Young Paul, whose resemblance to his dead father made him the natural darling—if not the property—of his grandmother, and who was, as yet, too young for rebellion, lay sprawled in regulation blue stripes, happy in a world of jets and heroes.

In the room above, old Annie, hideous in curlpapers and cold cream, snored dreamlessly. Annie had been the smart young housemaid in Mrs. Camlake's girlhood home. Her mistress was still "Miss Margaret" to her, just as Judy was "Miss Juju" and dead Paul was "the poor young master."

Downstairs, in the kitchen, the ginger spaniel stirred in his basket. Annie fed him, Judy walked him—but he was perfectly aware who was mistress in the house. He kept

his winsome tricks and adoring looks for her. Leila was always pointing it out, admiringly. . . .

It was a peaceful house, a very comfortable one—and happy, too—as long as you were content to live in a nice, padded cage, say Yes, and Thank You, and ask no questions, Judy thought unhappily. And she had the temerity to want to leave it, to affront its occupants and upset their routine—by marrying Allan.

Today was her wedding day.

Naturally, Mrs. Camlake never suggested that Judy shouldn't marry Allan. She took care to let Judy know that she was doing something inconsiderate, unnecessary, and of doubtful wisdom, but that she, as a dutiful, loving mother, wouldn't stand in her way. Her disapproval culminated in the sticky party she'd given to Allan's parents and a few carefully chosen friends. A deliberately sticky party, Judy felt.

First she'd asked the old people to dinner, then pleaded domestic trouble and turned the dinner party into a cocktail party—to which Judy and Leila came down in black suits and costume jewellery and Mrs. Camlake and her friends in suits and hats—but poor, confused Mr. and Mrs. Burton in full evening dress. To them, Mrs. Camlake was very kind and apologetic, indeed. To her friends, she smiled in a superior way and called them "the dear old things. Very well behaved, too—considering." If Mrs. Burton was embarrassed, it was nothing to what Judy suffered for her.

UNFORTUNATELY, embarrassment made Judy awkward and resentful, a dead weight at a party. Her mother's friends, and even Leila, watched her amazed. Sulking like a schoolgirl—and after all the trouble her mother had gone to. . . . Well, what a foretaste of marriage! Allan, angry and watchful beside his own mother, began to get sympathetic looks. . . .

"Don't judge me by Mother, Allan. . . ." Judy realized that her mother had gone too far, but she was terrified of losing Allan.

"I don't. Fortunately for you!" But Allan's voice was hard, unloverlike. "That woman has a power complex. Who does she thinks she is, to sponsor or to snub? I can't think why she does it. . . ."

But Judy could think why, and she was torn apart by her loyalties. The task of showing Allan she was on his side, his family's side, utterly—and yet justifying her

"Hey, want a lift?" She had to stop at last because of the pain in her side

mother's behaviour. "Daddy died when I was ten, and Mother brought us up singlehanded, my brother and me. She had no friends, no money, then. Everything we ever had, came from her. She launched into business, and became terribly clever at the stock market. Nobody believed in her at first, or helped her. She had to fight. . . ."

"Judy. . . ." There was something in Allan's voice she hadn't heard before. "If something went wrong—anything—after we were married, who would you turn to?"

"Why, Allan, you—of course!" She was in his arms, half crying. "You can't want this marriage more than I do."

"Escape into reality?" he suggested, not succeeding in keeping the bitterness out of his voice.

"Not escape," she retorted proudly, "choice! Oh Allan, you're the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

He thought of saying: What, me? Running a wholesale grocery business, getting thin on top, me—with my untidy house and motherless David? Then some wise words of his mother's came back to him. "Love happens to ordinary people," she'd said. "And it doesn't grow old—only people do that. Look at me and Dad!"

He took heart and began to rock Judy in his arms, calming her, reassuring her, till she stopped crying and sought his lips in a kiss.

"Oh, why didn't you happen to me years ago, when my arms just ached with emptiness, waiting?"

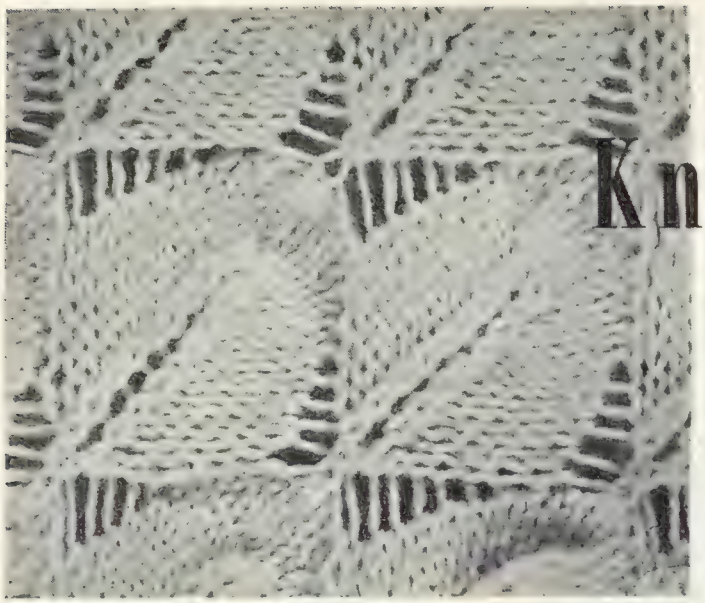
Remembering what she must have been through, he was silent.

UP to the last minute, Mrs. Camlake was far from silent. "But, my darling, do you really think you'll be happy? Marriage—one disastrous experience—and you're still so headstrong. I know the world—you've shut yourself away so much. . . ."

Her mother's objections were perfectly reasonable, of course. Once only, Judy had gone her own way, suffered disaster, crept home to Mother. Naturally, her mother was suspicious of what she called her "romantic notions."

"Don't think because you're thirty, you *have* to marry anyone," continued her mother. "Those days are past. You can lead a full and busy life——"

"Do try and understand, Mother," Judy pleaded. "It isn't because of my age, or discontent with my home—the wonderful home you've always (*Continued on page* 66)



Knit-wise!

A knitting expert answers questions on the subject of giving home knitteds a professional finish

By ERIKA HARRISON

Q *What is the best method of casting on to give a neat but elastic edge? And what about casting off?*

A Although no one method of casting on will serve every purpose, the Double Thumb Method is best for general use. Make a slip loop leaving an end of wool with which to cast on the stitches—about a yard for the average garment. Pass the short end round the left thumb; insert the needle into the loop thus formed, then pass the wool from the ball round the point of the needle and draw it through, dropping the loop off the thumb. Repeat the process for the number of stitches required.

When casting off, always cast off in pattern, that is knitwise the knit and purlwise the purl stitches. It is often also advisable to use a needle one size larger as a precaution against tightening.

Q *Realizing that it is essential to work to the tension stated in the pattern in order to get a good fit, how is it possible to alter the tension of knitting? How can you tighten up if you are a loose knitter, or loosen up if you are a tight knitter?*

A Before commencing a garment it is essential to knit up a square of fabric using the needles and yarn specified. This sample should be large enough to be measured easily—about 2 in. square. To acquire a good tension hold needles and wool lightly, allow the yarn to run easily over the fingers, keeping it under even control, neither too tight nor too slack, so that the stitches can be moved along the needle, but are not so loose that the needle can fall out of its own accord. Do not strain the loops when taking them off the needle as this tends to lengthen the stitch and give an incorrect tension, or an uneven fabric. Where fabric works out too wide, but the depth remains correct, this is due to the running thread between the stitches being too loose. A slight extra tightening before making the next stitch will adjust this. Having taken these precautions, the tension may still be slacker or tighter than required, in which case it is better to change the needles, using a size smaller or larger as necessary, rather than trying to adjust the tension by knitting tighter or slacker. In some cases it may be found that there is a tendency to work looser on purl rows. A size smaller needle for the purl rows only will correct this.

Q *Is there any way of making stocking stitch really even?*

A The knitted fabric will be even, if the tension is consistent, so try to acquire a good tension, giving attention to the points previously mentioned. In addition, always complete the rows before putting down your knitting; never stick knitting needles through the fabric to prevent them getting lost, and always join yarn by one of the methods given below.

Q *How should one join a new ball of wool? Knotting leaves a hole, knitting with double thickness gives an uneven patch—what is the right way?*

A The best method is to knot the yarn at the beginning of a row, and when the work is completed, untie the knot and darn in the ends. The ends left can be used for making up.

This, of course, cannot be done in round knitting, in this case splicing is best. To do this, fray the ends of the wool for a few inches and cut half the strands away. Twist the remaining strands together to form yarn of original thickness, and knit these together into the fabric.

Q *How can buttonholes be made to look neat and professional and not just untidy holes? This is particularly important in cardigans.*

A Buttonholes can be neatened and strengthened by working round them in buttonhole stitch.

Q *How can you pick up neckbands without leaving an ugly line of holes?*

A Always knit up stitch for stitch through the cast-off stitches along the front and back edges. Along the shaped edges formed by the decreasings you will see a short and a long loop. Always knit up the stitch here through the short loop. Along the straight side edges of the neck follow a row of stitches, knitting up a stitch through each stitch. This will give you a clearly defined neck edge.

If it is found difficult to pick up evenly the exact number of stitches stated, pick up as many as will produce an even band, and then increase or decrease in the first row to the required number.

Q *Finally, are there any special instructions for pressing the finished piece of knitting, so that it is neither pressed out of shape, nor "bruised" by the iron? Pressing the seams seems to need some special treatment—what?*

A Pin out each piece of knitting with the wrong side of work facing you, to the correct measurements on an ironing sheet. Press each piece lightly and carefully with a warm iron and damp cloth, avoiding the ribbing on welts, cuffs, etc.

To preserve the tailored line in outer wear, oversew the ribbed edges together, using a backstitch seam for the remainder. Open out the seams and press flat.

A Portfolio of Knitwear

The scope of knitwear within the orbit of fashion is almost limitless. The garment you make yourself or the ready-made you buy reflects the dual qualities of fashion and comfort. The knitted garments and accessories on this and the following pages cover most needs of an average wardrobe through the chilly days of Spring

Made from Rug Wool

A coat to make yourself, using rug wool which knits speedily and achieves the fashionable chunky look. Good for street wear in the Spring and acceptable for cooler evenings later. Instructions and materials on page 62

Hand-knits to buy . . .

Before Dark

Sculpture in knitting. Simple classic lines distinguish this hand-made dress, cap-sleeved and throat-high with a companion jacket. Wide bands of narrow rib knitting interspersed with open-weave ribs form the design. The skirt is mounted on silk. Harrods, Knightsbridge

It is hard to believe that hand-knitting could produce the delicate laciness of this evening gown. A cobweb design of palest grey wool interwoven with silver thread, the whole is mounted over stiffened net. Brown velvet sash ends embrace the narrowed waistline. At Harrods, Knightsbridge

...and After

Two
to make . . .

. . . Enjoy the novelty of making and wearing the knitted cotton evening sweater on this page. Full instructions for making it and for the two-ply sweater opposite are given on pages 60 and 64

Finely knitted in Coat's cotton, this evening sweater achieves the illusion of lace. Make it in black, white or midnight blue as in our sketch

Cotton for Cocktails

Laceknit in Two-ply

Lace stitch that never loses its popularity is here again in a diamond design for a light-weight summer sweater with a tailor-type collar and sleeve edging in plain garter stitch

Symposium from the Stores

First appearance of Pyrenees fleece—a soft, brushed wool that never fluffs. Here in a casual jacket, bulky, cosy, featherlight. Red, royal, grey, with black. 10½ gns. at Simpson

Good companions for a walk: Millar hand-made gloves in yellow string and red wool, reversible, £1 5s., at Simpson; and a piquant poodle of an umbrella with a knitted cover, £5 7s. 6d. at Harrods. *Right:* Frosty-white evening jumper with loops of silk to shimmer round your shoulders. Hand-knitted, £4 14s. 6d. at Harrods

Knitted headgear with a couture look: ski-type cap, left; wavy cloche-style hat, right. Several colours. The cap £1; the hat £1 15s. Dorville at Simpson

Pyrenees fleece again—this time making the swankiest of shoulder-capes, snug, buttoned, fringed with black. In yellow, red, royal, black, white. 6 gns. Simpson

Warm ankles around the house guaranteed by these comforting Slipsters; a god-send for tired feet at home. Patterned or plain, £1 15s. 6d. at Harrods

Covered Décolletage

An entrancing cape to cover bare shoulders at night in fine wool interwoven with the sparkle of tinsel thread. Gracefully flounced and threaded with ribbon velvet, a lovely alliance of glamour and warmth. Instructions for making are on page 62

Foy Pottery roundabout

JOHN STANTON says—

Ornaments *are a personal affair*

"SAVAGES and children both love ornament." So said a famous writer who believed that "a house is a machine for living in," the implication presumably being that civilized humans should have outgrown that primitive love. How shocked he would be to look around me now : at the three plates painted by an artist friend on the wall over there . . . the little white china horse, trophy from a twenty-first birthday cake of long ago . . . the model beer mug, personal reminder of a happier Germany . . the ruby glass decanter, reputed possession of a great-great-grandmother . . . and the trim Staffordshire soldier boy who is there merely because I happen to like him. I for one am well content to remain, in this at least, a "savage." But I do not think I shall want for companions.

Our Victorian forebears may have indulged their passion for "ornaments"—they were not afraid of the word—too well rather than wisely. No one wants to live in a cross between a museum and a junk shop. But the fact remains that it is largely "decorative accessories"—has the fashionable expression, I wonder, enabled us to feel less guilty?—that give a room its individual character, for they are essentially personal emblems.

They seem to fall naturally into two camps, although in practice they overlap. There are those which the room itself demands, without which it is incomplete as a piece of decoration : the old print or figurine that gives height where it is needed, the group of plates that balances a piece of furniture, the white "something" that brings life to a dim corner.

And there are the sheer, joyous frivolities for which no excuse is needed : the prizes borne triumphantly home from holidays abroad, the enchanting reminders of sudden but never regretted extravagance, the rosemary-scented memories of friends far away. They may be as "worthless" as a pretty shell picked up on a honeymoon, completely "useless"—if you like even "ugly"—apart from their associations. What matters? It is these that make the "piece of decoration" incontrovertibly *ours*.

We are probably instinctively feeling the need for the first kind of ornament when we look round a room and say : "I'd rather like a picture for that wall." For, almost certainly, what we really mean is that we feel the need for a certain shape or group of shapes to complete the balance of the room. A picture is something only to be bought because we *must*, and, then, no other picture will do. But in this case a few plates or a symmetrical arrangement of prints, even chosen mainly for their decorative frames—an insult to a real picture—would do equally well.

This is a perfectly legitimate use of ornament. A horizontal "something" on a wall may be all that is wanted to counteract unrestful vertical lines. If furniture is all rather low, a tall ornament or long, narrow mirror can give it height.

The basic character of a room, whether "period" or "modern," is strangely unaffected by accessories, but is determined almost solely by the main furniture. So the precious relics of other days need never be banished to the attic in deference to a contemporary scheme. A single Victorian lacquer and mother-of-pearl chair or a flamboyant rococo mirror may be employed purely as ornament to soften the lines of an otherwise severe modern room; it will still remain modern. But remember that the reverse is also true. No amount of hand-thrown pottery, not any number of Picasso prints, will really modernize a period room, although they will certainly give it vitality and sparkle.

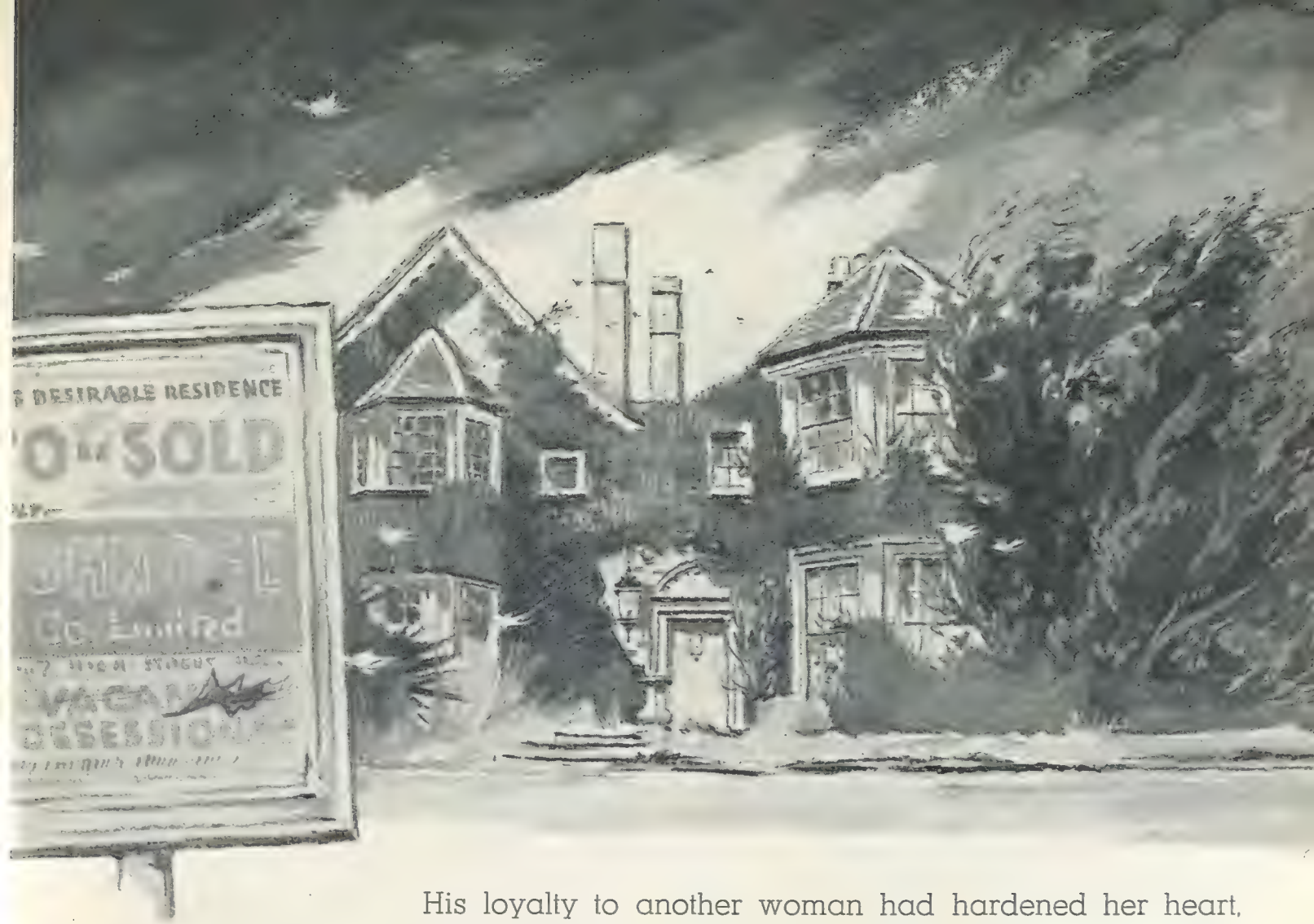
BUT what of that second family of ornaments, without which both we and our rooms would be infinitely poorer? How, especially if they are many—"collections," perhaps—how avoid the junk shop effect? Can they even be embodied in the rest of the scheme so that, like the first group, they seem almost an essential part of it? It matters not whether your taste runs to china pigs, to pieces of quartz or old paper weights, or even to a general hotch-potch of unrelated but beloved knick-knacks. What does matter vitally is how they are arranged. And the whole secret lies in good grouping.

Take a lesson from the Victorian drawing-room. It was chaos mainly because it gave the eye no peace. Group your treasures with plenty of eye-space between each group and, although they will seem far fewer than if dotted indiscriminately about, they will gain tremendously in significance. Allocate them a shelf or two in built-in book-shelves and you have at once given the room a decorative focal point. Or even treat them to a shelf of their own, over a radiator, under a large mirror or at the back of a settee. But try to be sympathetic (*Continued on page* 80)

The House at Stillwater

by Laurel Pascal

Illustrated by Coleman



His loyalty to another woman had hardened her heart, but memory—and an empty house—can play bitter tricks

SHE was glad the weather was bad. A mean wind tossed in the elms at Druitts Corner and sharp splinters of rain broke against the windscreen.

The village street was deserted and the general stores and post office closed. None of the villagers would know of her visit—there would be no speculation in the Moon Inn tonight as to what could have brought Mrs. Foster back to Stillwater.

She dropped into bottom gear for the plunge down the steep lane, her eyes lifting for a quick glance at the well-remembered view of the lonely valley, the peaceful contours of the South Downs banked up against the stormy greys and mauves of the sky.

Stillwater gave her the same kind of shock one gets meeting a friend after a long interval of time. She had known it as a house of life and laughter. Music spilling out of open windows, plumes of smoke rising from the chimney stack, children's voices echoing through the garden.

Now the house was locked in silence. Rank grasses pushed their way up through the stones of the long path leading to the front porch, the wildly tossing branches of the apple trees and the driving rain added the final touch of desolation to the scene.

Drusilla drove past the locked stable that had served as garage and turned the car into the home paddock. I shouldn't have come, she thought. And yet, with the divorce going through at last and the house up for sale, it had seemed the logical, sensible thing to do. There were lists to be made, furniture to be salvaged, personal papers and books to be taken away.

As she walked up the path the house seemed to be watching her, the bedroom windows like deep-set eyes under the eaves of the roof. It watched, she felt, with the pathetic gaze of an old dog that knows its days are numbered. Shaking the rain from her bare head, she turned the heavy key in the lock and walked in.

For several minutes she stood quite still sensing the familiar and yet alien atmosphere of the house, breathing again the distinctive smell, a distillation of age, wax polish, wood smoke and slightly musty books. The greenish, tree-filtered light from the low windows was reflected by the ruby richness of old furniture and ancient floors well-polished and cared for—the house was as clean and almost as impersonal as a hospital.

In two years there had been several tenants at Stillwater—people whose real life was lived in London. The cottage had been to them an amusing escape from reality—a week-end retreat where they could play at living the simple life. Like hotel guests, they had left nothing of themselves behind, nothing that Margery Ellis, who still took care of the old house, had not been able to sweep or dust away. Everything that Drusilla saw was part of her own life, and the life of her family.

HER own sitting-room, called by the children the tip-tap room because of her typewriter, looked unfamiliar in its business-like neatness. The curly Victorian sofa and chairs that she had covered herself in pink and yellow brocade were set in rigid order against the walls. Her rosewood desk, once a glorious confusion of half-typed stories, note-books and magazines, was bare except for a basket woven by Ann from reeds grown in the water-garden. The white-painted bookshelves looked as though they had been undisturbed for years.

Drusilla drifted uncertainly towards the spinet and lifted the lid. Roger had bought it at a local auction sale—a surprise birthday present. She remembered the excitement when it arrived one golden (*Continued on page* 68)

A combined family enterprise

WITH PUPPETS

THE smallest stage in the world—yet behind the curtains lies a whole realm of fantasy and mystery, in which lives a host of intriguing little people with their own characters and temperaments; a law unto themselves, neither animals nor humans, yet ready to please, to show off, to laugh and to cry. This is the puppet world, more appealing and more lovable than anything I know.

Let me draw back the curtains of the puppet theatre and attempt to convey to you some of the charm and fascination of puppets, and let me try to persuade you to create a puppet kingdom of your own, as a family enterprise in which every member of the family, down to the youngest, can take part.

I would like to say here that a puppet does not necessarily require a stage to perform on. It will happily go through its antics on the hearthrug in the sitting-room. It will dance to a gramophone record, or act a playlet written by the budding playwright of the family. Whatever it is set to do, it will do it so engagingly that only the operator will be aware of the strings which animate the puppet's performance.

Don't be dismayed by the apparently bewildering array of strings. They all terminate in the control bar and no more than a simple rocking movement will bring the puppet to life. You will, in time, gain skill in making the puppet walk, sit down, get up, wave his handkerchief in the air and even play the piano. But that kind of virtuosity comes with years of enthusiastic practice. In the meantime, you will be fully rewarded to see the little creature leap into action at the first quiver of the control bar.

Once the puppet enthusiasm has gripped you, you will want to construct some sort of stage with curtains to draw, some simple (or possibly more elaborate) system of lighting and painted scenery. As soon as you have a theatre, your puppets become actors and members of a troupe, with the family as stage manager, producer, director, playwright, artist and electrician, severally or together. All the various talents of the family can be combined to give a puppet production, from the carpentry and wiring, to the making of costumes and the painting of sets.

FIRST, the theatre itself. It is possible, of course, to make a temporary stage, say in a bay window, making use of the window curtains as stage curtains. Or you can contrive something with a card table backed with a screen or draped clothes-rail, or even a table pushed across an open doorway. It is easy enough to improve a stage, but all this has to be cleared up after the show and the room converted again to its normal use.

If this is going to be a permanent interest for the family, and one incidentally from which considerable educational benefit will be derived, it is better to construct a permanent stage which can be left in the playroom or the spare room, if there is one.

The puppets being about a foot tall, they require an opening approximately two feet high, four feet wide and depth of stage two feet. The only difference between a puppet theatre and any other miniature theatre, is that there must be strong elbow rests at the back (for the operator to lean on) and there (*Continued on page* 83)

By ***BOB PELHAM***

The artist and the idea

Puppet enthusiasts range through all degrees of artistic skill. Walter Trier, the artist, on the left uses puppets of his own creation to give him ideas for caricatures and drawings. The less ambitious can buy ready-made Pelham puppets at moderate costs from Hamleys. The Pelham collection includes stock music hall characters and the cast for putting on most of the fairy-tale pantomimes

Photograph by Deighton Wilkes

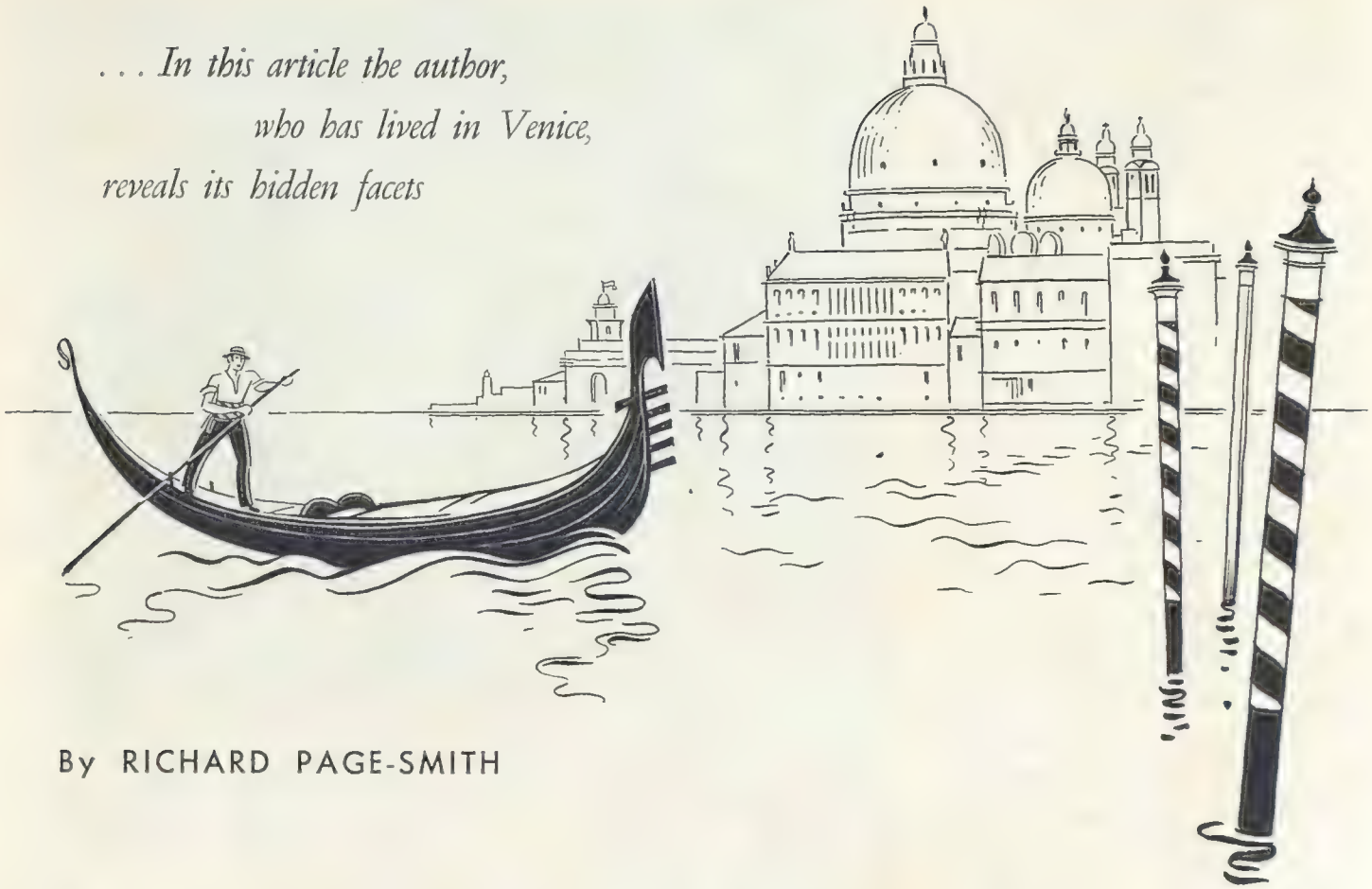
Five of the Pelham Puppets in a stage setting contrived from paper and cardboard. The house is composed of cardboard painted with distemper mixed with Alabastine. The cobblestone paving is printed paper, shutters, awning, lamp post and railings cut from card and painted

Photograph by Allan Cash

VENICE: *the Elusive City*

A fascination that never fades, labyrinth of streets and narrow waterways to baffle the visitor . . .

. . . In this article the author, who has lived in Venice, reveals its hidden facets



By RICHARD PAGE-SMITH

OLD King Cole's daughter is buried at Venice, so the Venetians say. In case you thought there never was such a person she was the Empress Saint Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and is reputed to have found the true Cross. History tells us that she died and was buried in Rome in the year 326, but the Venetians will have none of it. Their own Veronese painted her vision of the Cross (it is in the National Gallery) and it is an immortal tribute.

True or false, this story seems to typify the fascination and elusiveness of this lovely city of the Adriatic. It is not only that the labyrinthine composition of its narrow streets and waterways baffles the visitor, but Venice is so full of history and legend, it is a jewel of so many facets, that one can easily visit—and leave it—having only seen the most obvious of them.

The centre of Venice—though not topographically—is the fabulous St. Mark's Square flanked by the Byzantine basilica of St. Mark's, the milky marble of the Doges' Palace suffused in the incredible and ever-changing atmospheric colours which put the last touch of enchantment upon architectural beauty.

These and other splendours to which the guide books will lead you need no testimonial from me but there are other joys to sample that, unless you have lived in Venice, you may never find.

Take one of the little passages leading off the Campo Manin, for instance (you will need a map), to discover the staircase of the Bovola. All that is left of the lovely Contarini Palace, this fairylike tower is a rival to the famous one of Pisa. *Bovola* means a snail and the tower is so called from its convolutions.

In the wonderful Academy of Art you will find the works of Carpaccio, but you must go elsewhere to see his most inspired works. These are in the little chapel of S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. Pass the Daniele Hotel on the waterfront, cross three bridges and turn in left and you will find this perfect chapel completed in 1501 unchanged and exactly as Carpaccio must have seen it himself when he completed the series of paintings which cover its walls.

As a change from architectural beauties there is a sight highly characteristic of the domestic Venetian. The fish-market (*pescaria*). It should be seen in the morning before ten-thirty, when it is alive with huge lobsters, langoust, octopus and whole wriggling eels, as well as the Venetian housewives.

In the area of the fishmarket, adjacent to the Rialto Bridge, are the sort of native restaurants where food is good and cheaper than in the better-known and more fashionable quarters frequented by tourists.

Forays into the Venetian shops, which are fascinating, call for caution. When you are familiar with Venice you discover that the Italian expects bargaining, and that you seldom pay the price first named.

Drinks are costly if one merely makes a choice from the wine list, but in any restaurant or bar a call for an *ombretta* (little shadow) brings a glass of light local wine, extremely palatable and cheap. Not more than sixpence.

For delicious snack meals there are many stand-up restaurants in Venice called *Rosticeria*. Here one gets crisp, hot sandwiches of Mozarella cheese, artichokes, delicious fried rice balls and, of course, the inevitable *pasta*. A fried sandwich or two and a cup of coffee in a *Rosticeria* make a light mid-day meal at a reasonable cost.

HOTELS in the more fashionable quarter of the city around St. Mark's Square cost, for a room, with one meal, from approximately 2,800 lire (about 36s.), but farther afield on the Zattere, for instance, there are clean and comfortable private houses which offer rooms for about six hundred lire a night. There are pleasant *pensiones* in this quarter and a restaurant with a charming guest house attached run by a fat, homely and kindly hostess, every inch the Englishman's idea of what an Italian landlady should be.

The Zattere is a wide promenade flanking the Giudecca Canal at one of the further extremities of the city. To reach it take a *traghetto* (a gondola (*Continued on page* 36)

Illustration by MADGE HOWARD

ferry costing the equivalent of twopence halfpenny) from a point near the St. Mark's waterfront to the Dogana, opposite which is the old Custom House. From this point you can walk down the Zattere. This is, of course, a less convenient location for staying than around St. Mark's Square, but think of the difference in the cost.

INCIDENTALLY one of the most interesting and little-known churches of Venice can be seen by walking to the extreme end of the Zattere and turning left into a small *campo* or square. This is the church of S. Sebastiano where Veronese painted and is buried. The ceiling, the organ, the altar pieces and the Martyrdom of S. Sebastiano, S. Mark and S. Marcellus are all his work. There is, too, a fine bust of the artist himself. If you time your visit to the church to finish at about five-thirty, you will find just opposite a simple *osteria* (Italian pub) where, at that hour, you can eat the most delicious fresh shellfish prepared for the fishermen, and drink a *caraffe* of chilled white Conegliano wine in their company.

Unless you have money to burn don't picture yourself floating down the canals of Venice whenever you move around. This is an expensive mode of transport. One sightseeing tour by private gondola is about as much as most English visitors pressed for lire are able to manage. Venetians and nearly all wise tourists use the public transport motor boats. In addition to these, the *traghetto*, the little ferry I have referred to, crosses the Grand Canal at a number of points and saves a good deal of fatigue from walking in a city where, as the Grand Canal has few bridges, one frequently has a long walk between two adjacent points in order to cross the water. At the end of some of the narrow streets leading down to the Grand Canal, a small notice board says *Traghetto*. This means that there is a ferry at the end of the street.

THE Lido, which lies across the Lagoon and is reached in a ferry steamer is, of course, the great centre of swimming and sun bathing. But if you go in high summer you will need a lot of money to take your daily swim there. The Lido opens officially in June and, from then on until September, consists of a series of private enclosures for admission to which you can pay anything from five shillings to two pounds for a hut to undress in. In compensation for this, you may, if you pay two pounds, find your favourite film star or an ex-king in the next hut. So wise visitors to Venice go at the end of May (when the sun is already hot) or after September 15, when the Lido is not officially open and one can enjoy the bathing and the vast stretches of hot, white sand for nothing.

After much sightseeing in Venice, a peaceful afternoon trip to one of the outlying islands makes a welcome pause. Most tourists are persuaded to visit Murano, where the glass is made, but it is a featureless place in itself, and my own choice is for the lovely islands of Burano and Torcello. A water boat will bring you to Burano in time for lunch at Romano's where the food is famous and cheap. Afterwards, take a gondola (don't pay more than 300 lire for it) through the waterways which thread the fields to Torcello. From here you can return across the glassy lagoon to Venice to end a lovely day.

French of London thinks ear-rings important and complementary to the hair-styles he creates. These, from his own boutique, fall into flattering harmony with the wearer's face and hair

Ears Are Fashion's Focus

but do you choose the ear-rings that flatter you?

NOTHING in fashion has gone to the head more than ear ornaments have done just recently. The Queen and Princess Margaret, who have shown their own liking for pretty ear trinkets, have given their own lead, and the hoops which have swung so freely for months besides cheeks that were sometimes flattered by them and sometimes not, have brought a gay stimulus to this new-old fashion.

Yet there are still many women who say, "I love ear-rings, but they don't suit me," when, in fact, one might as well say "hats don't suit me." Naturally, if the choice is unhappy.

As with choosing a hat, the whole face and head must be considered before choosing ear ornaments. If the face is long, more especially the neck, it will seem yet longer in the company of pendant drop ear-rings. But rather bold studs will give a flattering width where it is needed.

The opposite is true of a round face with a short neck. Dangle drops will elongate the face and neck, though it is not wise to choose bold and chunky ones if the features are plump. Something lighter and more delicate is called for in this case.

The hair-style, the outlines of the face *and* the ear-rings, should follow a complementary line. If the hair-style reveals the ears, so much the better for your ear-rings, if they complement the converging lines of jaw and hair. When you are sorting through the jeweller's trinket tray try on the ear-rings he has to offer and check these points in the mirror. Try them with your hat on and off. Unless the hat is small and brimless and follows closely the lines of the head there are quite different outlines to contend with than when you are hatless.

Ear-rings with coloured stones set in them may rob the eyes of colour or do just the opposite. Even the skin colouring is enhanced, or minimized, by the colouring of stones in your ear-ornaments. If they are bold, as many are today, they will pick up and point an accessory colour in a hat or a dress with charming effect and, whilst giving a touch of flattery to your features, add the final touch to a well-thought-out ensemble.

By Hilary Grant

The PORTRAIT and the PEOPLE

By LEO DIENSIAN

Illustrations by ANDREW JOHNSON

THE house was very, very old, but then so was its lady owner. The roof leaked and the wallpaper hung down in strips because of the damp. But she was too blind to see the wallpaper, too old to feel the damp. Dimly she saw the outline of the stairs which had once known the firm tread of her husband's feet, the wide banisters down which the buttocks of her rosy children and grandchildren had once slid to the accompaniment of shrieks of mingled joy and fear.

As she slowly pulled herself up the stairs by the banisters, her transparent, clawlike hands seemed to caress and hallow the ancient mahogany. The banisters were a lifeline, a shining thread, linking her with a proud and cherished past. To preserve and protect the past, this was her whole life now. To the townspeople, the house was "that dreadful old mausoleum"; to her it was the shrine of her family honour.

Hauling herself up, with clamped lips and grim determination, she counted the steps: "Seven more to go; six more—come *on*, Connie! Five; four——" Something damp and clammy brushed against her face. "So we have bats now," she muttered. "I'm not surprised. The locals said I had bats long ago, when

Only her iron will gave her the strength to climb the stairs of the ancient, mouldering house. But she still had a tongue, and could still use it . . .

I went and built the hospital for 'em. Come *on*, Connie!"

Again the clammy touch flapped against her cheek and this time she grabbed for it. A piece of ancient wallpaper came away in her hand. "Rafferty said it was too damp to live in again. It *is* damp. But where else can we live, Connie? Three; two, *one*!" She stood, bent and shaking but triumphant, at the head of the stairs.

A huge Jacobean mirror faced her and she hobbled forward to peer at her reflection.

"Constance Pontefract, you ugly old sinner," she addressed her reflection, "what a sorry sight you are! Your face is like a crumpled old boot. Your teeth are gone. Your hair is going. You'll soon be ninety and you look a hundred. Very like an old boot. But unlike most old boots, you've still got your tongue. Yes, *ma'am*! So now's the time to use it."

SHE went into her bedroom, sat on the four-poster Georgian bed with its hand-loomed quilt which had her great-grandmother's signature woven into one corner—"Elizabeth Pontefract, 1795"—and peered at her bedside table. The darned contraption was gone! She peered again. What was that mound of pink? She shakily lifted her pink crêpe de Chine nightgown. "Ah, there you are!" (The telephone was underneath.)

"Hallo, hallo! I want you to ring the doctor, please. What number? Nobody asks *me* for numbers, girl. You must be new. I'm Mrs. Pontefract. Mrs. Pontefract's doctor—quickly."

She sat irritably mumbling and waiting.

"Hallo? What's his *name*? Impudence!" She put a shaky hand to her head. What was his name? Angrily she dredged with iron claws at her memory. "Why, *Richner*. . . . Certainly! Dr. Richner."

Again the maddening wait.

"Hallo? There's no Dr. Richner in Lyttleton!" Now she remembered: Richner had been their doctor when she was first married, sixty-five years ago. Dear God, what was the new man's name? Ah, the girl had it now. "Bartholomew! Of course, Dr. Bartholomew. Hurry, please."

These mistakes terrified her. People talked about them. They'd say she was senile and shouldn't live alone. But where else could she live? That girl now. That girl had a very pleasing voice, but who knows, she might have taken offence. . . . She jiggled the receiver.

"That you, operator? You're new, I think. What's your name? No, no complaints. I'm very pleased with you. I just want to know your name. Lucy Bassett? Wait a minute, I'll write it down." She groped among the things on the night table and found a pencil and pad. She wrote down the name in inch-high letters. "All right, Lucy. Ring Dr. Bartholomew and tell him Mrs. Pontefract will see him at two. Goodbye, child. No, I don't want to speak to him. I don't want to argue with him. Just order him for two o'clock."

That's the way to deal with 'em, she thought. Order them as if they were taxicabs. That'll faze him.

SHE waited a few minutes and lifted the receiver again. "That you, Lucy? Taylor's the confectioners, please. Mr. Taylor? Mrs. Pontefract here. I want you to send a large box of chocolates round to a Miss Lucy Bassett at the telephone exchange. Yes, Mr. Taylor, she's the new girl, but she's serving me very nicely and I am pleased with her."

At the switchboard, Lucy Bassett raised her earphones for a moment and shook her hair loose. Just like Mother, she thought ruefully. The grand manner. Poor Mother! Why wasn't I more patient with her? She stuck her knuckles into her eyes for a moment and then addressed herself once more to the switchboard.

In his sweetshop, Mr. Taylor grumbled to his wife: "Old Lady Pontefract's just ordered a big box of chocolates to go around to the new telephone operator. 'Charge 'em,' she says. I can charge 'em, but will she ever pay? I can send her bills, but can she read 'em?"

"Never mind," said his wife soothingly. "After all, Mrs. Pontefract gave Lyttleton the hospital and the baby clinic. We never had a doctor here until she started in, and now we have five. Think of all the business she's brought us! If she doesn't pay for the chocolates, well, it's a small thing."

* * * *

Young Dr. Bartholomew appeared at The House promptly at two o'clock—exactly as if he were a taxi. Mrs. Pontefract received him in the drawing-room. He shook the birdlike claw which was now heavily decorated with the biggest diamonds he had ever seen, gallantly placed a beautiful but dirty needlepoint chair for his aged patient, and seated himself opposite to her.

"Well, well, and how are we today?" he began breezily.

"We? As I am neither a queen nor an editor I do not refer to myself as We, Doctor. If you mean me, I am extremely well and extremely annoyed."

The doctor's warm brown eyes clouded, but he did not abandon his firm, professional smile.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Pontefract. Can I do anything?"

"You can *refrain* from doing things. This morning the Lyttleton district nurse called here. The district nurse, mind you, exactly as if I were a charity case. And she said *you* sent her."

"Well, now, Mrs. Pontefract, I just asked the girl to call in and see if you were all right. I met her in the hospital and, as you *gave* us the hospital, *and* the district nursing service, you are certainly entitled to——"

"I AM entitled to no more than any other member of the public," she snapped. "When I need a nurse I will engage one and pay her."

"No question about that," said the young man placatingly, "but, ma'am, you are not eighteen any more——"

"My age is my own business and nobody else's."

"Quite, quite. I only meant that you oughtn't to climb those stairs, with your heart."

"I do not climb stairs with my heart, young man. I climb them with my will-to-climb."

"Well, I apologize. I meant well." The doctor made a mental leap towards known and safe ground. "What a beautiful portrait that is," he murmured going towards the fireplace, above which a picture of a beautiful young woman in an eighteenth-century evening gown hung and dominated the room. (*Continued on page 72*)

Suddenly there was an angry clatter on the stairs. "What are you two whispering about?"

TALKING SHOP

By

SOPHIA KING

Shops overflowing with merchandise, a buyer's market indeed. . . . How are women profiting by this infinity of choice?

Whether shopping for clothes or for the home, the principle is the same and the opportunity is before you. No longer need we weakly buy the first thing that catches our eye and regret it later when the thing we really want turns up somewhere else. With more co-operation in the shops and abundance of goods at keener prices, the moral is plain: Take your time, look around carefully, find the article of your choice and—above all—make no hasty purchases you are sure to regret. (Photograph by Deighton Wilkes: at Peter Jones)

TODAY'S shops overflow with a profusion of truly wonderful merchandise, and it has indeed become a buyer's market.

How then are the customers in the market place exploiting the longed-for era of new wonder fabrics, keen prices, stylish design and—above all—infinite variety of choice?

A study of any typical shopping crowd provides the depressing answer that enough of them aren't exploiting it at all.

Make no mistake about this. The women with money to spend are certainly out on the buy, but their mass appearance gives the impression that they have been willingly co-opted as members of a vast crusade dedicated to dreariness, uniformity and safety.

This in the face of more variety and profusion than we have seen in the shops for fourteen years. There is glass, china, linens and all the other lovely household etceteras which the younger generation has never seen at all, and the older generation has almost forgotten. Not only are there fourteen years' memories to revive, but there are a host of new materials—in the hardwear sections as well as the fabric departments—with new and unknown qualities, for good as well as for bad, which must be assessed before the discriminating shopper can make a sound and selective buy amongst them.

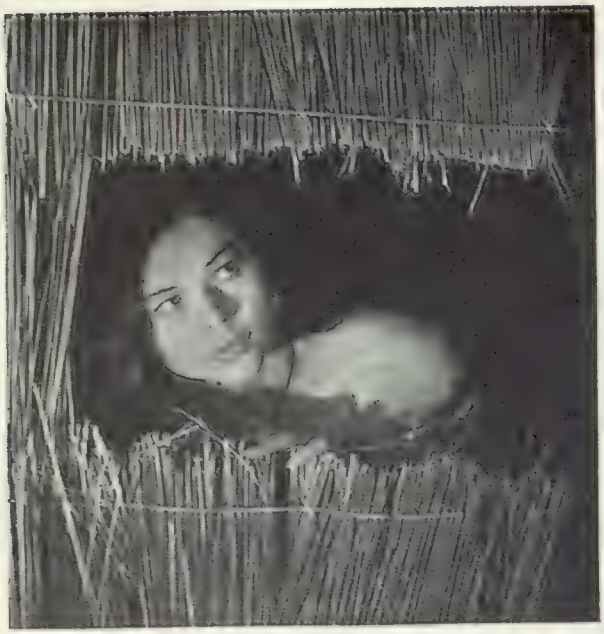
Actually, a woman shows her qualities as a shopper in the clothes she wears to go shopping in.

For one woman whose looks show the planning, selectivity and awareness that simply has to be put into shopping for clothes, there are twenty whose get up does little to contradict the assumption that clothes, like wigs, specs and hearing aids, are now also being doled out by the Health Service.

Fidelity, an excellent virtue, should have no place in the shopper's vocabulary. Yet every solid day of the week, hordes of shoppers, dressed in the blues, browns, navies and safe styles of past years descend on the shops, fanatically determined to prove how faithful they can be to the blues, browns, navies and safe styles of past years.

THIS regrettable continuity is not restricted to those age groups whose shopping technique grew rusty in the years of take-it-or-leave-it. It is also apparent that great numbers of young girls who can only have started their shopping careers in this period of plenty, wage their own bitter, intense war against beautiful, individual and feminine clothes. Count the number you meet on any given day wearing the uniform of stove-pipe pants and duffel coats, and it is easy to understand why gallant foreign celebrities, giving interviews on what they think of our girls, limit their remarks, almost entirely to the theme of the beautiful English complexion.

Some women, guided by radar, can enter a shop, walk in a direct line towards exactly the suitable hat, garment or accessory. This, of course, is a very special talent, like (*Continued on page 78*)



With a new colour process and a leaf from Hollywood's book, Pinewood goes

PIONEERING

Above: Moana smoulders in captivity—her husband having discovered her love for Phillip Wayne. *Below:* Chief Hongi Tepe intervenes in a duel, and saves Wayne's life

By

FRANCES

MASON

The Queen's visit to New Zealand and reports of her meeting with her Maori subjects has focused interest on this friendly race within the Empire. The new film which Pinewood Studios is about to present deals with pioneering English settlers among the Maoris and gains an enhanced interest from the use of a new natural colour process and from its own pioneering attempt to break into the long-standing Hollywood preserve—the "covered wagon" epic

TELEVISION, now cosily established as the very hub of family life, but still with the charm of novelty about it, has given a salutary shock to the film industries of Britain and the United States. One must admire the bold, aggressive way they have taken up the challenge. There has been nothing half-hearted, apologetic, nostalgic or appealing in their response; instead, everything is certainly bigger, and, we are assured, better. There is logic in the retort: the trump card the cinema holds is *size*, and for the time being, colour also. It can still batter our senses, subdue our critical judgment and give us a sense of pleasure in being overwhelmed by superior brute force—fascinations with which the television screen is powerless to compete. The film industry has seized on its unique advantages and developed them with miraculous speed: screens are bigger, sound noisier, colour more brilliant.

At this moment Pinewood is completing a historical adventure epic which promises well because of the exciting subject and setting, the care and research before shooting, the choice of director, producer, actors, technicians, and because of a new colour process. The story was first told in John Guthrie's widely-read novel *The Seekers*: it deals with the time—the early nineteenth century—when the first, unofficial, white immigrants were landing in New Zealand and settling haphazardly in small, isolated communities, and of their relations—sometimes fierce, sometimes friendly—with the intelligent brown people who were already there—the Maoris.

The Seekers tells the story of Phillip Wayne, who in the 1830s fell among Maoris—and became an empire-builder unawares. He was kindly (*Continued on page* 83)

The new Eastman Color process used for the first time in this country for *The Seekers* has the advantage over others that a small camera solves many difficulties of location work. On-the-spot scenes for the film were shot in the mountainous regions of New Zealand. Glynis Johns, in the picture at the top, is seen as the wife of Phillip Wayne, an early English settler, and Laya Raki (*right*), a Javanese beauty well known on the Continent as a dancer, plays her first film part as Moani, wife of a Maori chief who brings other problems to Phillip Wayne than those of reconciliation with a strange and alien land

Left of the group are pendant ear-rings in oriental silver and paste. The pearl and gilt necklace, right, and the red cord and gilt necklace are adjustable to length. A tasselled cord oriental hair ornament, far right, ties under one ear. The slippers are embroidered with gold thread

Photograph: H. S. Eddison

Exotic and timeless, the lure of age-old craftsmanship from

. . . INDIA

By

MAWNAN SMITH

ORIENTAL jewellery, lovely papier mâché trays, lamps and vases, and superb examples of wood carvings from India, are coming back to this country.

Their reappearance is very welcome, for they have been absent for about fifteen years. Although attempts were made to import them in some numbers at the end of the war, they were not very successful, for when India became independent, a further war started between that country and the newly-formed Dominion of Pakistan. They could not decide who should control Kashmir which, geographically, lies between them.

Although what has come to be called "the Kashmir situation" has still not been satisfactorily resolved, feeling between India and Pakistan is better than it has been for long, and Kashmiri merchants feel confident enough to begin exporting again on a fairly big scale.

The Kashmir Government is, naturally, keen on building up a thriving export industry, and in many cities in India they have established emporia where they show samples of local craftsmanship. Some can also be seen in London, at the Indian showroom in Cockspur Street, but the bulk of the business is in private hands.

Before the war, many of the bigger shops in the West End, and elsewhere, had Indian departments, and it is hoped that these may be reopened, for from nowhere else in the world come such lovely goods of their type.

Papier mâché has long been a thriving industry in the East, and the first records of these beautiful ornaments, decorated with the tiny figures of moguls on horseback, playing polo, or hunting (with their lances stuck into the sides of wild beasts), date back to the eighteenth century.

Then, servants of the old East India Company began to send back small trays and other goods to friends and relations—often using them as packing in chests of tea—and from such small beginnings there grew up a thriving export business.

These delicately coloured trays and vases and flower bowls are all made and painted by hand, under conditions of almost unbelievable simplicity. Yet such is the craft of their makers that the designs and finish can stand any comparison.

(*Continued on page* 80)

The enamelled sweet bowl, top, is an example of Pakistan brassware. From the *Pakistan Shop*. The other three pieces are Indian, the gold embroidered slipper and glittering lapel flower from *Maharani*, and a typical papier mâché bowl of Indian design

Looking Around

Discussion Points of the Month

What will people be talking about this month of March in the world of stage and screen, art and literature?

Films . . .

"MADAME DE . . ." tops the unmissables this month because it is the film of Louise de Vilmorin's scintillating novel, and because it is directed by Max Ophüls, and acted by Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio de Sica and Lia di Leo—all victims of the inexorable villain of the piece: a pair of diamond ear-rings, heart shaped. . . .

It all started when young Madame de . . . —elegant, brilliant, attracting universal admiration—innocently deceived her husband. *Then* all the old adages (Be sure your sin will find you out. . . . She who is faithful in little . . . etc.) combined with the relentlessness of Furies to pursue her to her downfall. Her original little sin was only selling a pair of ear-rings he had given her to settle some debts he didn't know about. But Monsieur de . . . inconsiderately smells a rat and carries on about them like Othello over the strawberry handkerchief, so that poor Madame de . . . is forced to cover up with a lie and pretend they had been stolen. She and her (*Continued overleaf on page* 48)

Art . . .

TO be seen now at the I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, is a pictorial anthology compiled by David Sylvester, that has all the charm of personal preference. With Henry Moore as the doyen—in unexpected mood, too—there is also a wealth of surprises from Graham Sutherland, Eduardo Paulozzi, Eleanor Bellingham-Smith, Diana Cumming, Isabel Lambert and Lucien Freud. Drawings are friendly, they have all the informality of slippered ease, and enable one to get close to the artist, so that we may thereafter look at his more pretentious productions with greater understanding.

Throughout March it will be more than ever worth taking a bus out to the Tate, for they are holding an important exhibition of French impressionists and others lent by Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, whose collection is the finest left in England. The paintings will be mainly of landscape; and surely no one has ever looked at the natural world with such (*Continued overleaf on page* 48)

Books . . .

NOTHING—not even fiction—sells like non-fiction nowadays, and adventure is the draw: adventure of the body (up mountains and on and under the sea), and of ideas. Our top choice among newly published books is the daring voyage of one man's mind from pre-history to the present day along a particularly uncharted course. In *Animals, Men And Myths* "Morus," alias Dr. Richard Lewinsohn, shows for the first time how inseparably the fortunes of men and animals have been linked, from the early struggle for existence to man's present dangerous supremacy. This is a book which forces the reader to reorientate his view of the world, so that by the end he will regard the animals as an independent, well-ordered, almost sinister community, instead of as pets, entertainers, food producers and slaves.

From current fiction we would choose *Lucky Jim* by Kingsley Amis, also published by Gollancz, because it is so assured that one can sit back (*Continued overleaf on page* 48)

Plays . . .

THERE can be no half measures about Robert Morley: whatever he does has style and flourish, and in his new comedy *Hippo Dancing* (based on an idea of André Roussin) he brings the grand manner to a living-room in Golders Green, and as he altercates with son Roger there, we seem to be listening to all fathers talking to all sons, each immovably clamped in his own point of view, eternally doomed to cross-purposes—but how much fun in the meantime, when couched in resounding Morley repartee! His son, a worthy opponent in the battle, is played by Jeremy Burnham, making his début on the London stage with the practised glance, gesture and inflexion of an old-timer.

All the well-worn topics—women and money in particular, accompanied by the usual searing implications about filial free-will and parental determination—are soundly scrubbed and hung up to dry. With Brenda de Banzie as wife and mother to the two protagonists, and Wilfrid (*Continued overleaf on page* 48)

Right: MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE . . . caught at an equivocal moment. This satirical comedy, due at the Cameo-Poly in mid-March, brings Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer back to the screen together after eighteen years. Their first film was *Mayerling*. **Below:** HENRY MOORE surprises us again—this time with gentle sketches of his daughter as a baby. At the I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, until March 27

Below: MAN MAKES MYTH OF ANIMAL—a fantastic pen drawing from *Animals, Men And Myths*, by "Morus" (Gollancz, 21s.), in which the animals get a history-book to themselves, with man only mentioned incidentally. Witty and fascinating

PETER ASHMORE directs ROBERT MORLEY and JEREMY BURNHAM in a father-and-son scene from *Hippo Dancing*, Morley's play

Films . . . (*Continued from page* 46)

husband sparkle in Parisian society and are therefore the (usually willing) prey of the gossip writers. The "theft" becomes the talk of the town, and brings the jeweller—unhappy possessor of the distinctive objects—knocking at Monsieur de——'s door to tell him the whole story.

Only a Frenchwoman could have written such a book; only the French could have made a film of it; and only the late Lord Norwich, a friend of the author's, could have translated it so impeccably: it was published by Collins in 1952, and more and more people are reading it with delight. It is just the leaven our Anglo-Saxon solidity needs.

In the days when England was still rampantly English, with her Sense of Humour in full cry and all her people Characters, there lived a Heavy Father called Hobson, who was roundly outfathered by his three daughters and their suitors, and, of course, had to make a Choice . . . such is the hilarious story told by inimitable David Lean in his latest film *Hobson's Choice*, with Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie as the ringleader daughter, and John Mills as the comic, stubborn shoemaker whom Father never intended her to marry. They all live in 1890 Salford, with cobbles, gaslight, fog and music-hall tunes. Most English—and it's good to have Charles Laughton back where he should be. Due in London late February.

Art . . . (*Continued from page* 46)

ecstatic eyes and shown us so engaging a picture of it as they did.

We feel younger as we look, and here we shall have the privilege of seeing trees, fields, mountains and the sea transformed through the heavenly pink-and-green alchemy of Courbet, Sisley, Pissarro, Morisot, Forain, Manet and Cézanne. Monet—unexpectedly—will be represented by a portrait—of his son John. Among the "others" will be Dali (a mild one) and Derain.

Books . . . (*Continued from page* 46)

and revel in it. Jim is the young man we all know—who has a very dashing idea of the sort of figure he wants to cut socially, who is always trying after it, continually falling down, and as often picking himself up, with bright young hope forever shining in his face. Poor Jim has to undergo practically every humiliation known to man in that most distressing of closed societies, the provincial university; but in the end, he has his reward.

Plays . . . (*Continued from page* 46)

Hyde White also in the cast, *Hippo Dancing* comes to the West End in March.

"Everything that he touched, he adorned"—although originally said of a very different writer, is equally true of Charles Morgan: essay, novel, play—he is a consummate artist in all. Watch out then for *The Burning Glass*, his new play imminent in London, for it cannot fail to have interest.

Exciting things will be happening at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells during March. On the 2nd an entirely restyled *Coppélia* will be premièred at Covent Garden (counter-blast to the Danes?)—with new scenery and costumes by Osbert Lancaster.

On March 17 at the Wells, Basil Coleman is producing the first-ever English version of *The Pearl Fishers*, Bizet's tuneful early opera with sets by John Piper.

HOW TO MAKE

A LILY POND

for your garden

No feature of a garden is more inviting and pleasurable than a pool of water

THERE are, of course, objections to a garden pond. You may say that a stagnant pool of water may breed mosquitoes instead of goldfish and the children will inevitably fall in; that the water dries up in summer, involving troublesome refilling, for who is fortunate enough to possess a stream to feed the pond? But all these objections can be overcome and the charm and interest a lily pond can give to even the smallest garden is well worth the trouble of creating one.

The water supply difficulty first. One pool I planned was for a bleak, sloping garden site on the North Downs, far from any river. Yet I contrived a couple of ponds, with a graceful willow drooping over the larger one, and that without incongruity on the hillside setting.

The house, like every other house, had gutters round the roof and rainwater pipes emptying into "soakaways." We dispensed with the soakaways, providing tubs instead, so as to have a supply of rainwater for the garden. At the back of the house we asked the builder to extend his land-pipes a little way down the hill, beyond the terraces which were afterwards built up. We then formed two ponds. The rainwater ran into the first of these, and then, over a little waterfall, into the second and larger of the ponds. The overflow from this provided sufficient moisture for a willow to grow successfully.

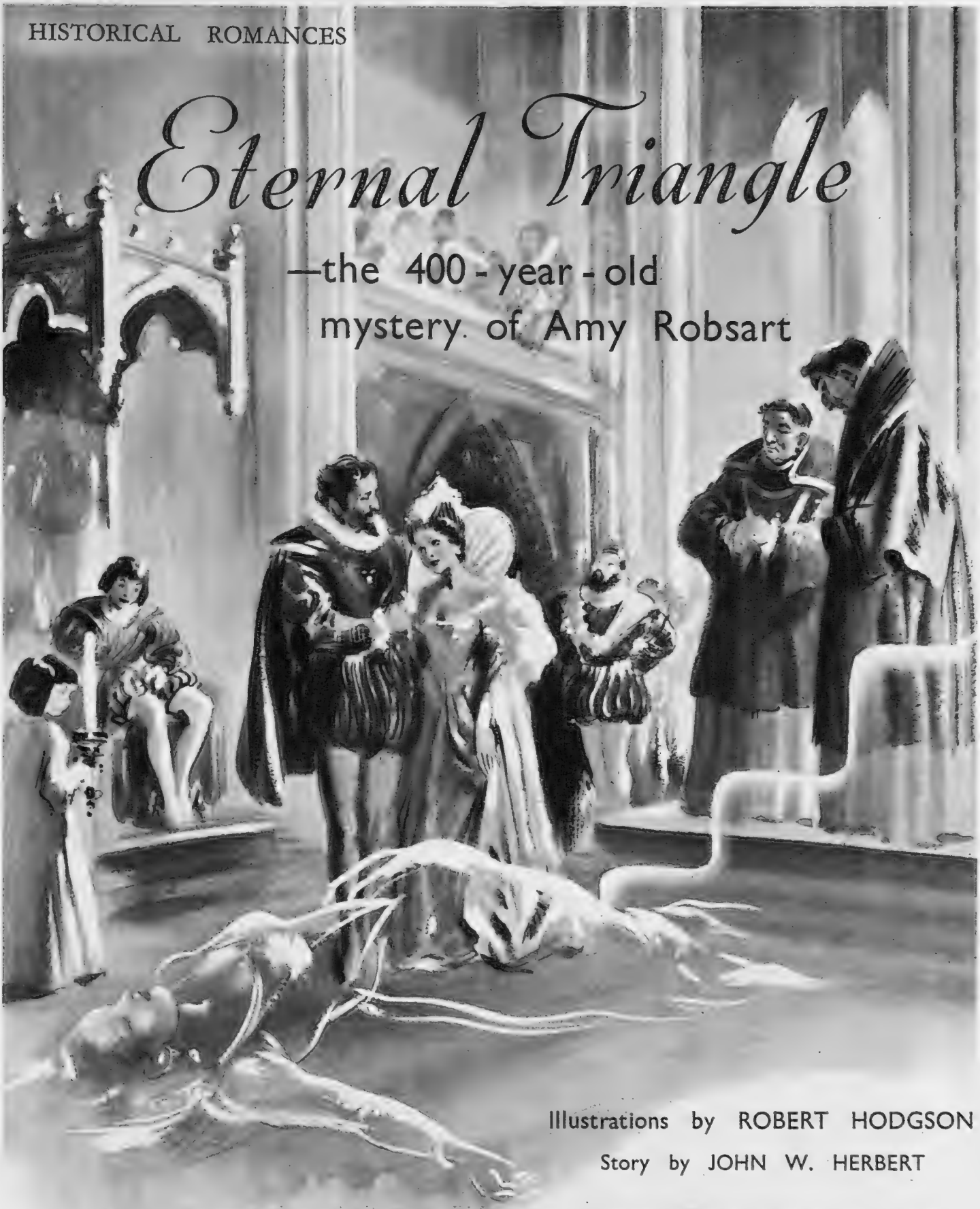
A MISFORTUNE to a neighbour's pond provided us with experience of pond making—and a supply of goldfish. He had built his pond of concrete in the approved manner, but had neglected to add a waterproofing surface over the concrete. The result was that his pond sprung a leak and he had hastily to rescue his goldfish—and place them in ours.

The concrete basin of the pond should (*Continued on page* 82)

By H. Darkin Williams

Eternal Triangle

—the 400-year-old mystery of Amy Robsart



Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

Story by JOHN W. HERBERT

WAS it murder, suicide or accident? That is the question that posterity still asks, and will ever ask about the fate of Amy Robsart—that *cause célèbre* of Tudor days, spiced with scandal and intrigue, darkened by more than a hint of violence and cloaked in impenetrable mystery.

Chief actors in the romantic drama which ended with the unlucky Amy Robsart plunging headlong to her death down the staircase at Cumnor Hall were, besides Amy herself, her husband Lord Robert Dudley and Queen Elizabeth I. Their rôles, as accepted by history, were clear-cut and as old as the hills: the Bored, Ambitious Husband, the Neglected, Unwanted Wife and the Other Woman.

As to whether the husband got rid of the wife in the hope of marrying the other woman there has been endless speculation. What is certain is that if, after Amy's death, Lord Robert and Elizabeth had actually married, the label of guilt would (rightly or wrongly) have been fastened on to him, and probably on to her also, beyond all removal.

Amy and Lord Robert were married on a May day in 1550 at the Royal Palace at Sheen, in the presence of the boy-king Edward VI. Both were about eighteen. She, the daughter of a rich, land-owning Norfolk knight, was fresh, charming and quiet in manner; he, a younger son of the arrogant all-powerful Duke of Northumberland, was handsome, gay and debonair.

Was theirs a love match? Or was it a marriage of convenience, arranged by calculating parents? One would like to think the former; but, if so, any sort of

Soon it was not Whitehall, but a stone cell in the Tower that claimed young Dudley, a prisoner of Mary Tudor. There, Amy used to visit him

passionate love between them did not last long. They settled in Norfolk, but Lord Robert was more of a courtier than a country squire and used to leave his rustic acres when he could, and repair—without Amy—to London and the glittering society of the Court.

Soon, however, it was not the gilded ante-rooms of Whitehall, but a stone cell in the Tower that claimed young Dudley, a prisoner of Mary Tudor, whose succession (on Edward VI.'s death) he and his family had opposed. And while he languished here, not knowing from one day to another if his head might roll on a charge of treason, Amy used occasionally to visit him.

But Amy was not—so the story goes—the only lady Dudley saw within those grim walls. The young Princess Elizabeth, Mary Tudor's sister, was also a captive there, gaoled by Mary on a charge of complicity in Thomas Wyatt's plot to dethrone her. And it is even said that the bold, smooth-tongued Lord Robert and the tall, red-haired girl of nineteen fell in love in the two months that they were fellow-prisoners.

CERTAINLY it was not in the Tower that Dudley and Elizabeth first met, for they must have known each other as children. But the suggestion of their love-affair starting in the Tower's stony setting adds colour to the tale.

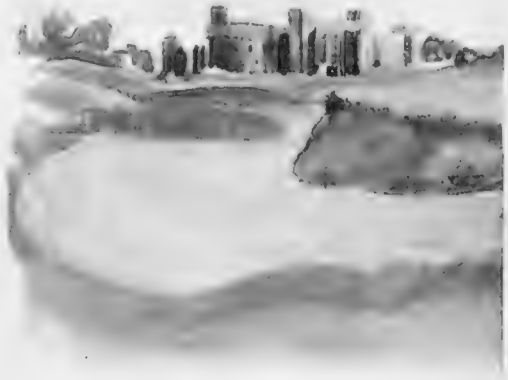
Dudley was freed (as was Elizabeth) and returned for a time to Norfolk. But soon Elizabeth became Queen, and one of the first things she did was to make him Master of the Horse, with a salary of 1,000 marks (£1,500) a year. Clearly he was becoming her favourite. And whenever her marriage to some foreign royalty was discussed Lord Robert's name began to intervene.

Rumours buzzed about the Court that the Queen would accept no foreign suitor, because of her infatuation for her Master of the Horse. "They say she is in love with Lord Robert Dudley and never lets him leave her": so ran the tittle-tattle in the gossip-ridden purlieus of the Palace. And as the spirited, imperious Elizabeth heaped gifts, honours and attentions on Amy's husband, the scandal grew.

"It is even said," wrote the Spanish Ambassador, Feria, to his Royal master, "that her Majesty visits him in his chamber at night. People talk of this so freely that they go so far as to say that his wife has a (fatal) malady and the Queen is only waiting for her to die to marry Lord Robert."

Faithful, kind-hearted Kate Ashley, Elizabeth's old governess, was horrified to hear her beloved mistress's name and honour bandied about like this. She begged the Queen to kill the wicked calumnies by throwing over the brash young Dudley and marrying a suitor who would accord more with Englishmen's idea of a Queen's husband.

But Elizabeth would listen to no talk against her gallant Master of the Horse. (Did he remind her of that gay philanderer, Thomas Seymour, who had flirted so



dangerously with her when she was a mere slip of a girl ?) At all events, she answered the troubled Kate reassuringly. What chance did she, a Queen, have, she asked, to commit the indiscretions that people charged her with when she never had a private moment ?

And then she added, with a touch of Tudor forthrightness reminiscent of her father, bluff King Hal : " If I have ever had the will or have found pleasure in such a dishonourable life—from which may God preserve me—I do not know of anyone who could forbid me ! "

Spanish Ambassador Feria was not the only envoy who expressed concern over the affair. The English Ambassador at Brussels, shocked at the tales current in that city, thought it his duty to write and inform Elizabeth and her minister, Lord Cecil, of them. And so the whispers and the speculations ran round England and the Continent to make an unsavoury nine days' wonder.

AND what of Amy herself, all this time that her husband was away at Court basking in the Queen's favour and affection ? Almost deserted by him, she had left Norfolk for Denchworth, in Berkshire, where she was living in the house of a Mr. Hyde. True, he came to see her occasionally and she sometimes visited him in London. But mostly she led a quiet country life, knowing well enough that even if she set up house in London she would see little of her high-flying spouse.

Perhaps Amy was not the woman to cut a fine figure in the gay, fashionable life of the Court. And it is pretty clear that Dudley, dazzled by his association with Elizabeth and its limitless prospects, had tired of his wife's less glamorous and less rewarding charms. But poor Amy, it seems, was still attached to him (A letter of hers, written to their Norfolk steward about payment of a debt to some farmers, shows her to be, even though neglected, still the faithful guardian of his interests.)

But Dudley was now indifferent to Amy's regard and careless of her feelings. Selfish, unscrupulous and overweeningly ambitious, he was playing for the highest prize it was possible for a man to win—the hand of the Queen of England. His presumption brought him the bitter enmity of the scheming supporters of Elizabeth's marriage to the Archdule Charles ; and more than one plot was staged to finish off the upstart Englishman with a poignard in the back.

BUT at this tense moment, when statesmen and ambassadors were fuming at Dudley's temerity and wringing their hands at Elizabeth's indiscretion, it was not the villain of the piece who died. It was his wronged, neglected, inoffensive wife. On a day in September 1560, she was found with a broken neck at the bottom of a flight of stairs at Cumnor Hall.

A horseman, galloping hell-for-leather from Cumnor to Windsor, brought the tidings to Dudley. But on his way he met, posting towards Cumnor, Thomas Blount, Dudley's confidential servant. Blurting out the news to

Thomas Blount, Dudley's confidential servant, posting to Cumnor, meets the messenger from Cumnor bearing the tidings of Amy's death to Dudley

Blount, he hurried on; and Blount hastened towards Cumnor.

Blount's tale of the events of that fateful day is the one that has come down to posterity. It seems that Amy, who had recently moved to Cumnor (a rambling monastic building four miles from Abingdon, leased to Dudley's treasurer, Anthony Forster), had that morning sent the whole household staff to Abingdon Fair, except two friends, Mrs. Odingsell and Mrs. Owens, and possibly Forster—who, it appears, had declined to go.

None of them had seen her fall, but an accident seemed plausible, for the staircase was a circular, corkscrew one whose worn steps may have been slippery.

Yet was it accident? Blount questioned Pirto, Amy's maid, who, though discounting murder or suicide, admitted she had heard her mistress "pray to God to deliver her from desperation." And this suggestion of a depressed or over-wrought mood, coupled with her attempt to get everybody out of the house, could have pointed to suicide.

Or was it murder? While she lived poor Amy was, as half the world knew, barring the way to Dudley's cherished marriage with Elizabeth, and all sorts of stories had circulated before her death of plans to poison her.

There was even that fantastic tale that Dudley had engaged Sir Richard Verney, a Warwickshire squire, to kill Amy by poison or other means. Verney, so it was said, asked one of the Queen's physicians, Dr. Bayley, to give her a lethal draught, but Bayley refused. Then Verney and a confederate sent the whole household away, overpowered Amy and threw her from "a pair of stairs" with fatal results. (In Scott's *Kenilworth*, a romanticised version of the Amy Robsart story, the luckless Amy was pushed by Verney down a trap-door.)

SO, while the pros and cons of murder, suicide and accident were debated by a scandalised public, while rumour held Dudley (who showed little grief at his bereavement) guilty, and even the Queen herself as accessory before the fact, the jury of twelve good Berkshire men and true sat at Abingdon and deliberated on the cause of poor Amy Dudley's death.

Dismissing alike the theories that the spurned, inconvenient, and maybe madly jealous wife of Lord Robert had been got rid of at the instance of her faithless husband, and that she made away with herself in shame and despair at her cruel treatment, they brought in a verdict of "misadventure."

And thus, with the official intimation that Amy's fatal headlong fall down Cumnor's stairs was caused by a slip, a careless step, the case was closed.

The story's epilogue? Lord Robert Dudley never married his Queen, but he prospered still more in Royal esteem and rose to be the great Earl of Leicester. And ever since, the world has speculated on the human drama of these three—and wondered what really happened on that tragic day at Cumnor.

When so much is open to speculation, it is tempting to speculate that little bit more. Here was a drama to tempt a Shakespeare. Perhaps the quill of the Bard *was* actually poised to write it. If indeed it was, discretion intervened, and the sheets that might have received a masterpiece remained forever blank.

Did Shakespeare himself toy with the Robsart story? If so, no trace of what would have been a dangerous manuscript survives

The pick of the month's reading—fiction and non-fiction recommended for your enjoyment

Robert Neill—author of "Rebel Heiress"

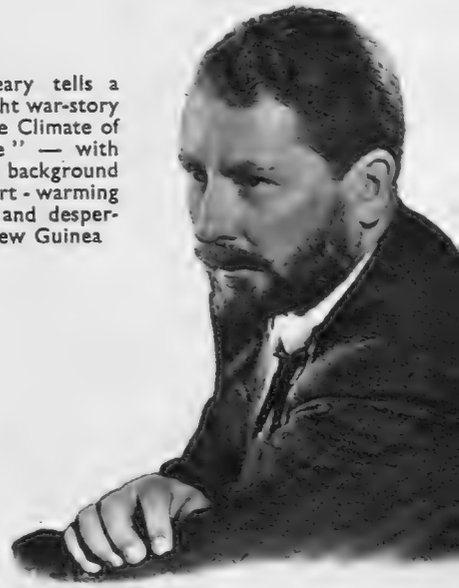
Good Reading

by

TREVOR ALLEN

BREATHES there a woman uninterested in Royal memoirs? I have known some so saturated in them that they knew the collaterals of whole dynasties without reference to genealogical tables. They will like "**Queen Victoria's Relations**" (Cassell; 18s.), by Merial Buchanan, daughter of the former British Minister at Sofia and Ambassador at St. Petersburg, for she writes intimately of the marriages that made the Princess Royal (Vicky) Empress Frederick of Prussia, and Princess Alice a Grand Duchess of Hesse. "The most unparalleled Grandmama, as none ever existed," the Emperor William called Victoria; and the lavish flower and fruit linked with that knotty stem may be judged from the chapters on the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, Queen Marie of Rumania, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Princess Alice of Greece, and the Grand Duchesses Cyril and Olga of Russia. Part of the fascination is in finding Royalty subject to the family troubles and bickerings of commoners, but on a greatly magnified scale. Vicky, actually rebuked by the Prussian Queen for sneezing at a Court ceremony when she had a cold, had to protest: "We do not have customs like that in our Court at home." Royalty on parade is one thing; Miss Buchanan gives us Royalty at home, which makes her book exquisitely diverting.

It is a long stretch from Victoria back to the Macedonian peasant who became the Emperor Justinian, remoulder of the Roman Empire, and his resolute Empress Theodora, Syrian circus bear-trainer's daughter who could also use the whip. Women who appealed to her, we read, needed no legal court, for she had a way of putting male plaintiffs to ridicule. One of her protégées married a young patrician who complained afterwards that his bride was no virgin—until he was duly escorted to a public square and tossed in a blanket. "Whereby," Procopius relates, "most of the men were very glad to remain silent and escape such scourging." So (*Continued on page* 84)



Jon Cleary tells a forthright war-story in "The Climate of Courage" — with twofold background of heart-warming Sydney and desperate New Guinea

In "The Well of the Silent Harp" James Barke novelises the Robert Burns tale. "Marriage is My Business" is the intriguing story of Heather Jenner's Bond Street marriage bureau as told to Muriel Segal, well-known "Britannia and Eve" writer

FOUR HISTORICALS

THE historical novel has progressed a long way from the *Prithee!* and *Zounds!* cloak-and-dagger romance. It now takes care of background, period, character, psychology, appealing to mind as well as eye and heart. Robert Neill's "Rebel Heiress" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.) is in this class. It tells of Cavaliers' sons reclaiming estates from Roundheads' daughters at the Restoration, and the conflicts between the two ways of life. Ample adventure, but social history, too.

Drake's Spanish Main forays and the Armada provide the drama in F. van Wyck Mason's "Golden Admiral" (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.), with fresh angles on Elizabeth's reign and the great naval battle. Fiction supplementing history at its boldest and bravest.

Frans Bengtsson's "The Long Ships" (Collins; 15s.), translated from Swedish by Michael Meyer, are the dragon-headed vessels of tenth-century Vikings nosing out England, Ireland, Spain, Byzantium, even Russia. Some of the characters talk in solid slabs, but what a feast of roving adventure in 500 packed pages!

"Hall Hunter," author of "Bengal Tiger" (Hale; 10s. 6d.), is Edison Marshall, big-game hunter, so there's jungle tiger-play for his hero, a young sahib who goes out to India to "live like a mogul" on £3,000 a year left him by his mother, falls in love with a General's daughter on the voyage out, also with a "small and brown" Indian maid, Latah, and sees his rival die in a melodramatic climax. The story has the appeal of an old, bold, tuppence-coloured print.

ABOUT YOUR FACE

SCORE

If your complexion is better now than ever 2

If not, do you . . .
- Stick to your old beauty routine and pray for a miracle ? 0
- Buy a pot of something on a " try-anything " basis ? 1
- Consult a beauty expert to find out exactly what is wrong ? 2

You have a smart new spring outfit . . .
Have you omitted to consider the question of make-up to wear with it ? 0
Or have you taken the suit to the cosmetic counter to match lipstick, etc. ? 1

If you are satisfied with your make-up 1

If not, have you . . .
Ever taken a course of lessons in make-up or asked a beauty expert about the principles of make-up ? 1

Do you know what your skin type is ? 1
Do you follow the correct beauty routine for it ? 1

Question for the over-40's . . .
If your skin is not as smooth as when you were thirty but you have started to use one of the special creams for the older skin 1

Question for the under-40's . . .
Do you follow the three basic rules for skin care which are cleanse—stimulate—nourish ? 1

POSSIBLE SCORE **7**

ABOUT GROOMING

SCORE

If you have a full-length mirror in your bedroom 1

If you have an arrangement of mirrors for looking at your head back-view 1

If you honestly use both 2

Is there above the sink . . .
- A barrier cream ? 1
- A hand cream ? 1

Glance at your nails now, as you do this quiz . . .
If your manicure is perfect 1

When you bought your new hat, did you go for
- The trimming, which was smart and cute ? 0
- The basic shape which is fashionable ? 0
- The basic shape AND the trimming, which complement each other, your hair-style and flatter your features ? 1

When you bought your last set of new dress accessories, did you choose them . . .
- Because they were smart and gay ? 0
- Because they matched the outfit they are to go with ? 1

A well-groomed woman spends thought and care on details. During the last month . . .
Have you worn a blouse just " once more before it goes to the laundry " ? 0
Spring-cleaned your handbag ? 1
Are your gloves (however old) immaculate ? 1
Are all your shoes fitted with shoe-trees ? 1

POSSIBLE SCORE **12**

ABOUT YOUR FIGURE

SCORE

If your weight has not increased in the last year 2

If you have put on weight, are you . . .
- Just bemoaning it ? 0
- Doing a daily dozen ? 1
- Trying, in vain, to keep to a slimming diet ? 0
- Dieting successfully by counting the calories ? 2

If your silhouette is just as shapely in this year's clothes as in last summer's, score 1

If you are suffering from localised fat, have you . . .
- Started on a slimming campaign ? 0
- Attacked the offending member with the necessary " spot reduction," massage, etc. ? 1

When you bought your last bra., did you . . .
- Ask for size without reference to fitting ? 0
- Buy the prettiest—instead of the best fit ? 0
- Try it on before actually buying it ? 1

If when you look at yourself in a long mirror, your backbone is straight, head held high, shoulders back 1
If not, but you are making a conscious effort to improve your deportment 1

When you bought your last foundation, did you . . .
- Just ask for " something, waist so-and-so " ? 0
- Go to a shop where there is an expert fitter ? 1

POSSIBLE SCORE **6**

ABOUT YOUR HAIR

SCORE

If your hair was admired during the last month 2

If, during the last four weeks, you have said, " My hair is in a terrible state," and . . .
- You have done nothing 0
- Tried out a preparation you have vaguely heard of as " good " 1
- Consulted a tricholologist about it and followed his advice 2

If your hair is as lustrous as it has always been 2

If not, and you are NOT grey, have you . . .
- Overhauled your hair-care routine ? 1
- Tried out one of the hair colour restorers ? 1

If not, and you ARE grey, have you . . .
- Decided to compensate with a soigne hair-do ? 1
- Tried out one of the new hair colour rinses ? 1

If your hair style has been admired recently 1
If not, and the style is unchanged since last summer 0

If your last two perms have been successful 2
If not . . .
- Have you blamed your hair instead of going to a really competent hairdresser ? 0
- Are you finding out if the system you have is the best one for your type of hair ? 1

POSSIBLE SCORE **7**

Scoring in this quiz is on efforts as much as results. For instance, the score is the same for keeping a good figure as for taking the correct steps to improve an imperfect one. If you score 30—32, good ! If you score 25—29, it 's passable, but you must guard against lapses. If you score 25 or under, take yourself in hand. Your beauty and grooming routines need greatly improving if you are to look as elegant . . . . as you could be.

Ask yourself some

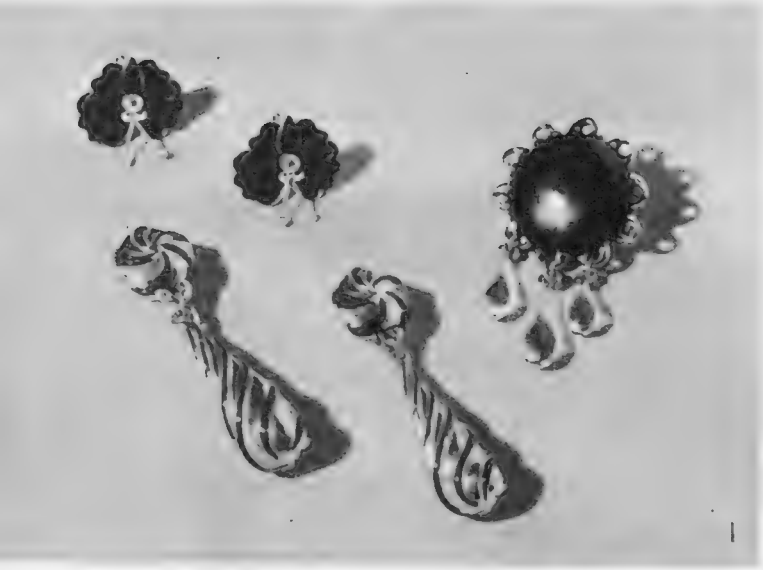
Searching Questions

This quiz is not intended to reveal how beautiful you are . . . it will show you how hard you are working to be beautiful. Our contention is that, in this age of science, a woman is as beautiful as she makes herself. You may not have been born with the world's most perfect figure, a flawless complexion or a lovely head of hair, but are you using every means at your disposal to cherish your assets, to compensate your shortcomings? If you do not know the correct way to tackle your beauty problems, write to Chrysis for help and advice. Send details, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2.

Beauty . . . by CHRYSIS.

Margaret Sharp . . . .

Shopping for You



Out-of-the-ordinary materials are being used to make gay Spring dress accessories :

1. From Atkinsons, 24, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, come these butterfly ear-rings, made in fine black suede on a metal backing. Wings and bodies are finely outlined in gilt. Minute white and topaz brilliants sparkle on and around the antennæ. Price 13s. 6d. The matching brooch is also 13s. 6d. Postage 1s. The other pieces—hand-made in light-as-thistledown blown glass—are new designs by Fritz Lampl for Ansons, 23, Piccadilly Arcade, London, W.1. The golden drop ear-clips, spiralled with ruby-red stripes, are comfortable to wear. Price 26s. 9d. The smooth black centre stone of the featherlight lapel fob has a golden edging from which three crystal drops hang. Price 20s. 6d. Postage 6d.

2. For this collar-necklace and matching ear-clips, Delia Sowerby has chosen shining black Italian plastic straw fringing—a tough, hard-wearing material with a deceptively delicate air ! Leaf and bead trimmings are gilt. Ear-clips are worn with the straw fan lying against the cheek. Necklace costs 25s. and ear-clips 12s. 6d. Postage 1s. Similar necklets in sun-gold straw with jet black trimmings are 30s. and ear-clips 17s. 6d. In common with all Mrs. Sowerby's jewellery, they are entirely hand-made. If you would like to see her other exclusive designs, write to her at 70K, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11, for photographs, descriptions and prices

3. Hand-made drawstring bag, in rainbow-bright striped woven cotton tapestry, with a hair-fine metallic thread running through it. Colours tone with leather trimming in blue, green, red or tan. The bag is about 9½ ins. wide at the base and 9 ins. high—excluding the handle, of course !—and has a small pocket for keys, loose change, tickets, at each side. It is lined with sturdy cotton fabric, contains a matching purse, and costs 25s., postage 1s. 6d. extra, from Yugoslavia Handicrafts, 143, Regent Street, London, W.1.

A NEW MACHINE . . . . . .

Home Finds

London shops are now full of gay, practical accessories which give a note of individuality to the home and ease the task of running it.

1. Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, have handsome Dutch glazed earthenware dishes for table use. Among them is this 8-inch wide cheese plate with domed cover, striped in blue, green or yellow and brown on a broken white background. Ventilation holes are at the top. Price 21s. Postage 2s. 6d.

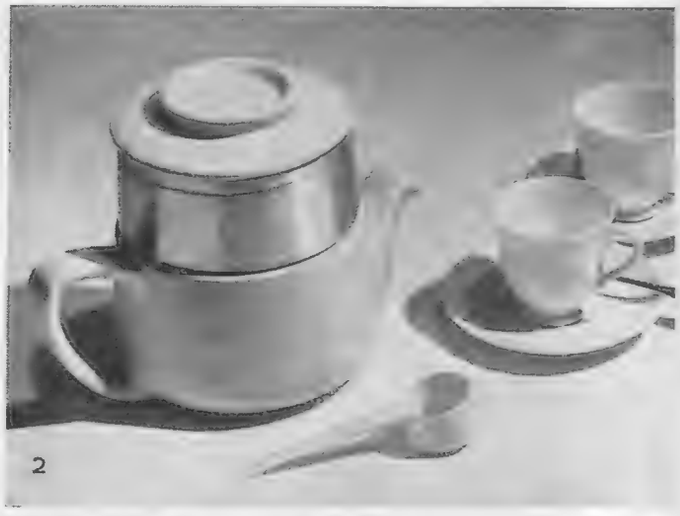
Also at Primavera are sets of three off-white glazed earthenware bowls, with rims and fruit-theme decorations in rust colour. A slight asymmetry gives the bowls interesting individual shapes. The largest is 7 inches in diameter, the smallest 5½ inches. Price for the set of three is 31s. 6d., postage and packing 2s. 6d.

2. In this filter type pot, it is impossible to make bad coffee. Just put coffee into the filter chamber, pour on boiling water and the coffee makes itself by the time-tested drip method. Four full-size cups can be brewed at a time. The ceramic pot and fitting lid is made in primrose or pastel green. Remove the metal filter chamber before the pot appears at table. Obtainable from Harrods of Knightsbridge, S.W.1, price 32s. 6d., postage 1s. 6d.

3. Space saving blocks of smooth Yugoslav beechwood—grooved to hold cutlery—can be stacked in drawers or on shelves. Six stainless steel table knives, with ivorine handles, in a block, cost 35s.; six cheese knives 32s. 6d.; and the 18-piece block holding six chromium-plated dessert spoons and forks and six teaspoons is 45s. Larger blocks, which also include dinner forks, available. Oetzmanns, Hampstead Road, N.W.1, postage 2s.

4. At Lampshade House, 3 Kensington High Street, London, W.8, you will find these dainty chandeliers, scaled down in size to minute modern rooms and in price to modern budgets. Made on decorative gilt frames, the single tier hanging model is 4 inches in diameter and costs 4 guineas. There are also two-tier models. The 7-inch wide wall bracket is £6 15s. Postage 3s. 6d. on each.

1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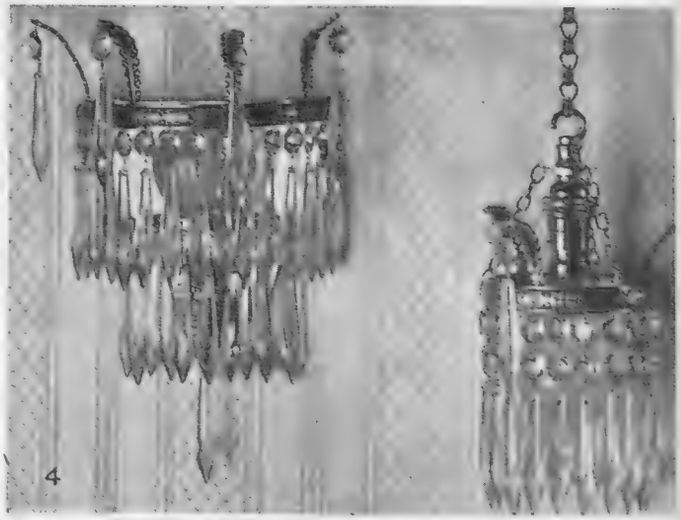
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. . . . . FOR QUICKER KNITTING

HERE is interesting news for anyone who knits rather more than average, either for pleasure or profit. There is a new knitting machine on the market which is manageable in size and shape, simple to work and moderate in cost. The price is £19 17s. 6d. and hire purchase terms can be arranged.

This machine will knit anything that can be knitted on two needles, and gives the same texture and effect as expert hand knitting. It casts on and off, increases and decreases, does fancy lace stitches and ribbing, as well as the basic stocking stitch. Tension can be regulated for ten sizes of needles and it knits a row of any number of stitches up to 157.

Knitting a row consists of pulling the wool holder across from side to side at the speed of zipping up a lightning fastener, and then a simple rotation of the stitch holder. You must see it to believe how quickly the machine will knit up an ounce of wool in stocking stitch. Write to Syndi Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Cowley Road, Uxbridge, if you would like to know where, in your locality, you can see a demonstration.

The new Revo Monarch electric cooker

Quantity Survey

If your housekeeping has been limited to the years of shortages here are some things you may have been wanting to know about quantities and qualities

A VERY new housewife came to lunch with me the other day, and when the conversation turned, as it naturally did, to food, she happened to mention the somewhat hazardous method by which she chose her food. The bacon she preferred, it transpired, was that long stuff with a thick meaty piece at one end and a little knob at the other. When she didn't see any "long stuff" on the counter, she didn't ask for longback, because she didn't know what to call it. Rather than reveal her lack of knowledge, she said, she allowed her eye to roam over what was displayed, then pointed and said: "I'll have some of *that*!" It wasn't always nice. I sympathized.

Meat, too, presented difficulties, so that when her kind butcher found her what he called "a nice little cutlet"—which was, she said, a round piece with a bone in the middle—she didn't ask what sort of meat it was. It was a sort of red, so she assumed that it was beef. She therefore served it with horseradish sauce. Now beef doesn't come in nice little round pieces with a little bone in the middle. Beef is big, therefore the bones are big, too, I told her.

"My guess is," I said bluntly. "You were eating mutton!"

"But it was red!"

"Mutton is red," I said firmly. My very new housewife was horrified.

"Oh dear!" she said. "And I served it with horseradish sauce!"

Well, why not? I see no objection to serving mutton with horseradish sauce, especially if it is lean. The fact that horseradish sauce has been fixed by custom as the right accompaniment for beef doesn't make it wrong for everything else. Why not make an adventure of cooking? Great chefs have discovered great dishes that way; and according to Charles Lamb the sublime art of roasting was accidentally discovered when a Chinese cottage caught fire and roasted some of the inhabitants, who happened to be pigs. I don't know who discovered how well apple sauce goes with pig, but that was another great adventurer. Somebody ought to find out who it was and erect a statue or something to her. I'm sure it was a woman; the discrimination which wedded this pair proves it.

Still, shopping for food in a haphazard fashion has its dangers, and it seems to me that some guidance about what to buy and in what quantities may be useful.

STARTING with the breakfast bacon, gammon and longback are certainly very nice, but they are also very expensive. If you allow one 3 oz. rasher per person, you are going to spend quite a lot on your bacon at 5s. per lb. Why not ask for lean collar, which is only 3s. 4d. per lb. It is a nice thick rasher, meaty, tender, and full of flavour. But look at the rind of your bacon, whichever you choose, before you buy it. If it is very dark, the chances are that the bacon will be salty. Collar, or slipper, make good boiling pieces too. Buy a piece about 2½ to 3 lb. in weight, cover it with very lukewarm water, add a tablespoon of vinegar, dessertspoon of brown sugar, and two or three cloves. Simmer gently for 1 hour. The rind should come off in one piece if the bacon is done. If you want it cold, leave it to cool in its own liquid, but if you want to eat it hot, take it out, remove the rind, roll immediately in browned breadcrumbs, and bring to the table to serve with pease pudding and mashed potatoes.

IF you want beef for roasting, decide in advance whether you want a large joint or a small one, allowing, say, ½ lb. per person, because all meat shrinks when it is roasted. (It shrinks less if you use a covered roaster.) If you like cold roast beef you can safely buy a large joint like a piece of sirloin or a wing rib, which the butcher will bone for you. If you want a smaller joint ask for topside or top rump. For grilling or frying, fillet or rump steak is best, but buttock steak or the first cut of the rump grills very satisfactorily. Silverside, aitchbone or brisket are the best joints for boiling, brisket being rather fatter than the others. For boiled salt beef I prefer brisket, which is less dry.

For meat puddings or pies, blade or chuck steak, or clod, will be most suitable, while for stewing or braising I usually choose topside beefsteak, silverside, thick flank, or gravy beef, which is cut from the top part of the leg. Since boiled or stewed meat does not shrink so much as roast I allow 6 oz. per person.

When you choose beef, for whatever purpose, see that it is bright red and fine grained, and for roasting or grilling it should have an outer edge of creamy white fat, or it will be dry.

• • • • by JANET DARBY

Veal is pale pink in colour, and usually very lean. Such fat as there is should be white and clear. For roasting, ask for a piece from the upper part of the leg, or the lion. It needs to be well cooked, so allow 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over; the first 20 minutes at 480 deg. F. and thereafter at 340 deg. A well-flavoured stuffing, including parsley, thyme and lemon, is a useful additional flavouring; so is garlic, if you like it. And bacon is a good accompaniment. For frying or grilling ask for veal chops, veal cutlets, or fillet. Knuckle or breast are suitable for pies or braising.

LAMB is a pale rose colour, with firm white fat, while mutton is deep pink, practically red, with hard fat. The joints are the same in either case, although of course mutton is larger and usually fatter. Choose lamb if you want chump or loin chops for grilling; mutton if you want cutlets. Neck or breast of lamb or mutton are suitable for stewing or braising; leg or shoulder for roasting. Be particularly careful if you are buying frozen meat to let it thaw slowly in a warm room before cooking. Otherwise the meat will be tough.

If your particular problem is fish, uncorrugate your brow, for here is the lowdown on it. First, be absolutely sure that it is fresh, for stale fish is bad fish. If it smells of ammonia, however slightly, don't buy it. Look for stiff fins, bright eyes and red gills. If you are buying cut fish, such as cod, turbot or halibut, be sure that the fish is firm and close-grained, and on no account buy it if it looks at all blue. When buying flat fish like plaice, be sure that it is firm and not at all limp, and, in the case of plaice, look at the dark-skinned side of the fish. The spots should be bright red. If they are brown, the fish is old. Herrings should be silvery and firm-scaled. Don't buy if they slide off too easily. Mackerel should be irridescent, like blue and silver sequins. A very handsome fish, this, and very good eating.

In general, allow ½ lb. of fish per person.

SHELLFISH should be approached with great care (whether alive or dead, for crabs and lobsters can be very nippy when alive!) When dead and cooked, the danger of nips is over, but you must be especially careful about freshness. Look for medium-sized crabs or lobsters; they are the sweetest. Lift them, and see that they are heavy in comparison with their size. Too small a fish is all shell; too large is usually coarse in texture and flavour. A cock lobster is better than a hen; it is usually smaller, and the back part of the tail is narrower. Shrimps and prawns should be pink after cooking (which the fishmonger has done for you) and mussels should be firmly closed until you have cooked them. Then the shells will open of their own accord. Scallops should be clear orangy red and have albumen-like whites. And even if you have a refrigerator, don't buy shellfish before you want it. You can't be too careful.

With which stern warning, I wish you happy adventures in the foodshops. Won't your butcher and fishmonger be surprised when you ask for what you want, instead of just pointing and saying: "I'll have some of *that*!"

Celebrity Special

—— *from London's fashionable "Caprice"*

FOR this month's celebrity recipe we went to the *Caprice* Restaurant, well-known rendezvous of the stage and screen in a quiet cul-de-sac off Piccadilly. Opened five years ago by Signor Mario Gallati (of *Ivy* fame), the *Caprice* has already the renown and individuality of much older establishments. Here Mario's clientèle may enjoy a respite from the unremitting glare of publicity, for he thoughtfully allows no photographers on the premises; and here, amid wall hangings of quilted red silk, Regency mirrors, pink table linen, and illumination of the same hue (including a charming rose-coloured chandelier over the bar)—they may savour the connoisseur's excellence of Chef Allouis' cuisine (an Englishman despite his name), ably assisted by his expert staff—three-quarters of whom are also English. What a feather in the cap of our national cookery!

When we asked Mr. Allouis to tell us about a dish that has proved popular with diners at the *Caprice*, he gave us this one as being, in his own opinion, good to eat and simple enough not to tax the resources of anyone who is interested in the finer points of cooking.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL (4 people)

2 knuckles of veal, sawn in two
1 large onion, finely chopped
2 cloves of garlic, finely chopped
¼ bottle of white wine or dry cider
3 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 carrot, grated
1 dessertspoon of tomato purée
1 Bouquet Garnie
Salt, pepper

Flour the veal and shallow fry in a little hot fat until brown on both sides. Drain off the fat. Add carrots and onions. Cover with a lid and cook for 10 minutes. Add white wine, white stock or water or a mixture of both—equivalent to 1 quart. Add tomato purée, tomatoes and garlic. Season with salt and pepper, and cover tightly. Cook in oven slowly for 2 hours. Remove, skim, put it on a dish and surround with Italian rice made with:

1 lb. Italian rice
1 oz. butter or margarine
1 chopped onion
1 quart stock
1 pinch saffron
Salt, pepper
Parmesan Cheese

Heat butter or margarine in a thick saucepan. Cook the onions 5 minutes without colouring, add rice and mix well together. Add one quarter of boiling stock. Season. Cook for 20 minutes, adding more stock from time to time. When ready stir in 1 oz. grated cheese.

The "Caprice," rendezvous of people whose names are spelled in theatreland's lights

A Portfolio of Knitwear

COTTON FOR COCKTAILS

This cocktail jumper is made from 12 balls of Coats' Chain Mercer Crochet Cotton No. 20. You will also require 1 pair of No. 13 and 1 pair of No. 14 knitting needles, a fine crochet hook and 5 press studs. The instructions are for a jumper to fit a 34-36-inch bust. Tension should be 10 stitches and 13 rows to the inch measured over the stocking stitch on No. 13 needles. The abbreviations used are: K. = knit; p. = purl; st(s) = stitch(es); st.st. = stocking stitch; inc. = increase; rep. = repeat; tog. = together; w. fd. = wool forward; w.rn. = wool round needle; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass slipped stitch over; tbl. = through back of loops; d.c. = double crochet; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning.

THE FRONT

** With No. 14 needles cast on 142 sts.

Work 7 ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Next row.—Rib 5, * inc. once in the next st., rib 4 ; rep. from * to the last 7 sts., inc. once in next st., rib 6 (169 sts.).

Continue in patt.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 1, * p. 2, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., w.r.n., p. 3, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (k. 2 tog., w.fd.) twice, k. 1, (w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—P. 1, * (p. 2 tog. t.b.l., w.r.n.) twice, p. 3, (w.r.n., p. 2 tog.) twice, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice ; work 6 times into the next st. as follows : k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, (k. 2 tog., w.fd.) twice, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

6th row.—P. 1, * p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 8 tog., w.r.n., p. 2 tog. t.b.l., w.r.n., p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—K. 1, * k. 3, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

8th row.—P. 1, * p. 4, w.r.n., p. 3 tog., w.r.n., p. 5 ; rep. from * to end.

9th row.—K. 7, work as 1st patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., k. 6.

10th row.—P. 7, work as 2nd patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., p. 6.

11th row.—K. 7, work as 3rd patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., k. 6.

12th row.—P. 7, work as 4th patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., p. 6.

13th row.—K. 7, work as 5th patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., k. 6.

14th row.—P. 7, work as 6th patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., p. 6.

15th row.—K. 7, work as 7th patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., k. 6.

16th row.—P. 7, work as 8th patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., p. 6. **

These 16 rows form the patt.

Rep. the 16 patt. rows 4 times more, and then rows 1 to 8 inclusive once.

Change to No. 13 needles and continue in st.st.

Work 2 rows.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off at the beg. of the next and following rows, 10 sts. twice, 2 sts. 4 times, and 1 st. 8 times (133 sts.). Work until armhole measures 2¾ ins. from the beg. measured straight, ending with a p. row.

Leave sts. on st.-holder.

THE BACK

Work as for front from ** to **.

Continue as follows :

Rep. the 16 patt. rows 3 times more, and then rows 1 to 8 inclusive once.

Change to No. 13 needles and continue in st.st.

Work 2 rows.

Shape armholes and complete as for front.

THE SLEEVES (both alike).

With No. 14 needles cast on 80 sts.

Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Change to No. 13 needles and st.st.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and then every following 6th row until there are 130 sts.

Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a p. row.

Shape Top. 1st row.—Cast off 8 sts., k. 55, including the st. already on the needle, k. 2 tog., turn.

Finish each side separately.

2nd row.—P. 2 tog., p. to end.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows until there are 2 sts. left. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn to other side at inside edge.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

2nd row.—Cast off 8 sts., p. to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

4th row.—P. to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

5th row.—As 3rd.

Rep. the 4th and 5th rows until there are 2 sts. left. Fasten off.

THE FRONT YOKE

Using a narrow back st., sew sleeves into armholes.

** With No. 13 needles and right side of work towards you, and commencing at centre of left sleeve top, pick up and k. 48 sts. neatly and evenly across sleeve top, now k. across the 133 sts. left on st.-holder on front, pick up and k. 48 sts. across right sleeve top to the centre (229 sts.).

Next row.—P. to end.

Change to No. 14 needles and continue in patt., shaping for shoulder as follows :

1st row.—Cast off 1 st., k. 6 including the st. already on the needle, work as 1st patt. row from * to the last 6 sts., k. 6.

2nd row.—Cast off 1 st., p. 6 including the st. already on the needle, work as 2nd patt. row from * to the last 5 sts., p. 5.**

Now keeping patt. correct, continue to cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until there are 213 sts. left, and then 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until there are 169 sts. left, ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Shape Neck. 1st row.—Cast off 2 sts., work 77 including the st. already on the needle, cast off 11, work to end.

Finish each side separately.

Next row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

*** Now cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until there are 53 sts. left, ending at neck edge.

Now continuing to cast off 2 sts. on alternate rows at shoulder edge, cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows at neck edge 1 st. 4 times, ending at shoulder edge.

Now cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows at shoulder edge, at the same time casting off 1 st. on alternate rows at neck edge 3 times more, and then keeping neck edge straight, continue to cast off 4 sts. on alternate rows at shoulder edge until all sts. are eliminated.

Rejoin yarn to other side at neck edge and follow instructions for first side from *** to end.

THE BACK YOKE

Commencing at centre of right sleeve top, follow instructions for front yoke from ** to **.

Now keeping patt. correct, continue to cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until there are 213 sts. left, then 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until there are 129 sts. left and then 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until there are 49 sts. left.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Make a dart on either side of front ¾ of an in. deep, 1½ ins. below the armholes. Sew side and sleeve seams with narrow back st. but overstitching welt and cuff ribbing. Sew right shoulder seam. Sew left shoulder seam, leaving 4 ins. open at neck for shoulder opening.

Commencing at neck edge, work 1 row of d.c. along back edge of shoulder opening, then along front edge and right round neck. Work 1 more row right round, and then 1 more row along back edge of shoulder opening only. Sew press studs at shoulder opening. Press.

END

Instructions for making the handknits illustrated in the fashion section on pages 21–28

Cocktail sweater knitted in crochet cotton illustrated on page 24. An Erika Harrison design.

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ERIKA HARRISON design

CIRCULAR EVENING STOLE

Illustrated on page 28

This circular evening stole is worked in Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Springtime" Laceply and Tinsel and takes only 3 oz. You will also need 1 pair of No. 10 knitting needles, a fine crochet hook and 3 yd. of narrow velvet ribbon for trimming. Abbreviations used throughout the pattern are: st(s) = stitch(es); K. = knit; P. = purl; w.fd. = wool forward; tog. = together; rep. = repeat; d.c. = double crochet.

START by casting on 6 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work 2 rows in garter st.

Next row.—K. twice into each st. to end.

Continue in patt.

1st row.—K. 2, (k. 2, w.fd., k. 2) twice, k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 2, [k. 2 tog., (k. 1, p. 1) into made st., k. 2 tog.] twice, k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 6, w.fd., k. 6.

4th row.—K. 4, k. 2 tog., (k. 1, p. 1) into made st., k. 2 tog., k. 4.

5th row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (20 sts.).

6th row.—K.

7th row.—K. 2, * k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

8th row.—K. 2, * k. 2 tog., (k. 1, p. 1) into made st., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

9th row.—K. 4, * k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k. 4.

10th row.—K. 4, * k. 2 tog., (k. 1, p. 1) into made st., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k. 4.

Next row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (36 sts.).

Following row.—K.

Rep. the 7th to the 10th rows inclusive twice.

Next row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (68 sts.).

Following row.—K.

Rep. the 7th to the 10th rows inclusive twice.

Next row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (132 sts.).

Following row.—K.

Rep. the 7th to 10th rows inclusive 7 times.

Next row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (260 sts.).

Following row.—K.

Rep. the 7th to the 10th rows inclusive 12 times.

Next row.—K. 2, k. twice into each st. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 (516 sts.).

Following row.—K.

Rep. the 7th to the 10th rows inclusive 17 times.

Now, using double wool, rep. the 7th to the 10th rows inclusive once.

Next row.—K. Cast off knitwise.

TO COMPLETE

Work 1 row of d.c. firmly along straight edge.

Pin out stole and press well to open up lace.

Cut ribbon into 2 lengths of 22 ins. and 2 lengths of 32 ins.

Thread ribbon through knitting along the line of the last 2 inc. rows, with loose ends in the centre. Tack ribbon at edges.

Gather stole into a half circle and tie loose ends of ribbon in bows. Tack bows to knitting, and then tack ribbon to knitting in several places equally along its length, so that the gathering of the stole is equally distributed.

END

RUGWOOL COAT

Illustrated on page 21

To knit this coat you will need 3 lb. of Wakefield Greenwood's W. G. Caliph 6-ply rug wool, 1 pair of No. 2 knitting needles and tape for the shoulder seams. The coat measures 40 inches underarms and is 22 inches from shoulder to hem. The tension should be 6 sts. and 7 rows to 2 inches and the abbreviations used throughout the pattern are: K. = knit; P. = purl; st(s) = stitch(es); rep. = repeat; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease.

THE BACK

With No. 2 needles cast on 61 sts.

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 14½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with a 2nd row. Continue in rib.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and then every alternate row until there are 47 sts. left. Work until armhole measures 7½ ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending with the 2nd row.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, and 4 sts. at the beg. of the 2 following rows.

Cast off the remaining 19 sts. tightly for the back of neck.

THE POCKET LININGS (make 2)

With No. 2 needles cast on 19 sts.

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 5½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with the 1st row. Break wool and leave sts. on st.-holder.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 2 needles cast on 34 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib as follows :

1st row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 7 ins. from cast on edge, ending with the 2nd row.

Work pocket in the next 2 rows as follows :

Next row.—Rib 8, cast off 19, rib to end.

Following row.—Rib to the cast-off sts., now work in rib across 1 set of pocket lining sts., rib to end. Continue in rib until front measures 14½ ins. from cast-on edge, ending with the 1st row.

Shape Armhole.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and then dec. 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 27 sts. left. Work until armhole measures 7½ ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending at arm edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off at the beg. of the next and alternate rows, 5 sts. twice, and 4 sts. once. Break wool and leave the remaining 13 sts. on st.-holder for collar.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 2 needles cast on 34 sts.

Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib as follows :

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 7 ins. from cast-on edge, ending with the 2nd row.

(*Continued on page 64*)

ERIKA HARRISON design

Following the fashion trend for heavyweight hand-knits, this easy-to-knit coat is designed in rugwool

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A Portfolio of Knitwear - - - - Continued

A detail of the charming lace pattern jumper sketched in colour on page 25

LACEKNIT IN TWO-PLY

This jumper takes 4 oz. of Sirdar Majestic 2-ply Wool, 1 pair of No. 10 and No. 13 needles. Working at a tension of 8 sts. to 1 inch measured over the pattern on No. 10 needles, the jumper fits a 34-35-inch bust. The abbreviations used throughout this pattern are: K. = knit; P. = purl; w.fd. = bring wool to front of work; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o = pass the slipped stitch over; rep. = repeat; tog. = together; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase by working twice into same stitch; dec. = decrease by knit 2 together.

THE FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 120 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins.

Next row.—(P. 7, inc.) 14 times, p. 8 (134 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and commence lacy pattern :

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, w.fd., k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, w.fd. ; rep. from * to last st.. k. 1.

2nd and alternate rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 3, * w.fd., k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, w.fd., k. 3 ; rep. from *, ending k. 2 instead of k. 3.

5th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to last 11, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 3.

7th row.—K. 1, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, w.fd., k. 3 ; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

9th row.—K. 2, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

11th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4, w.fd., * k. 1, w.fd., k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, w.fd. ; rep. from * to last 7, k. 1, w.fd., k. 4, k. 2 tog.

13th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.fd., k. 3, * w.fd., k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, w.fd., k. 3 ; rep. from * to last 5, w.fd., k. 3, k. 2 tog.

15th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., * w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to last 5, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2, k. 2 tog.

17th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, w.fd., k. 3, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, w.fd., k. 3 ; rep. from * to last 7, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, k. 2 tog.

19th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 1 ; rep. from * to last 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog.

20th row.—P.

These 20 rows form patt.

Continue in patt. until 4 complete patts. have been worked.

Next row (right side).—Patt. 62, k. 10, patt. 62.

Next row.—P. 62, k. 10, p. 62.

Rep. these 2 rows once more.

Next row.—Patt. 62, k. 10, turn (leaving remaining 62 sts. on a spare needle).

Next row.—K. 9, inc., p. 62.

Next row.—Patt. 62, k. 11.

Next row.—K. 11, p. 62.

Next row.—Cast on 12, patt. 74, inc., k. 10.

Next row.—K. 12, p. 74.

Next row.—Cast on 12, k. 12, patt. 74, k. 12.

Continue in patt. with 12 sts. at sleeve edge in garter st. and inc. at the inside edge of neck border on every 3rd row as before, until there are 24 sts. in garter st. at neck edge. Continue straight until work measures 5 ins. from cast on sts. of sleeve. Shape neck :

Next row (wrong side).—K. 24 on to a spare needle and leave. Cast off 8, patt. to last 12, k. 12.

Continue dec. at neck edge on the next and every alternate row 6 times (72 sts.).

Continue straight until work measures 7 ins. from commencement of sleeve.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, starting at sleeve edge. Rejoin wool at neck edge of remaining sts. Cast on 10 sts. for underflap and work to match first half.

THE BACK

Work to match front until 4 complete patts. have been worked. Continue in patt. until side seam matches that on front. Cast on 12 sts at the beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row.—Cast on 12, k. 12, patt. to end.

Next row.—Cast on 12, k. 12, p. to last 12, k. 12.

Continue straight in patt. with 12 sts. in garter st. at each end until work measures 7 ins. from cast on sts. of sleeve.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 10 needles k. across the 24 sts. of right front. Pick up and k. 104 sts. round neck, then k. across the 24 sts. from left front. Work in garter st. on all sts. for 2 ins. Cast off loosely.

MAKING UP

Press lightly on wrong side of work. Join side and sleeve seams. Neatly stitch underflap on wrong side of work.

END

Rugwool Coat - - Continued from page 62

Work pocket in the next 2 rows as follows :

Next row.—Rib 7, cast off 19, rib to end.

Following row.—Rib to the cast-off sts., now work in rib across 2nd set of pocket lining sts., rib to end. Now complete to match right front, reversing all shapings.

THE COLLAR

Using a matching thread, backstitch both shoulder seams.

Using No. 2 needles, work in rib across the 13 sts. on st.-holder at the top of the right front.

Now pick up and k. 19 sts. across back of neck and then work in rib across the 13 sts. on st.-holder at the top of the left front (45 sts.). *Continue as follows.*

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k.1.

2nd row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows 10 times more. Cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 2 needles cast on 29 sts.

Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib as follows :

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 45 sts.

Work until sleeve measures 17 ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape Top.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Now dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 13 sts. left. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece well on both sides with hot iron and damp cloth.

Using a matching thread, backstitch side and sleeve seams.

Set in sleeves.

Sew round pocket linings.

Tape shoulder seams.

Press seams.

END

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Divided Loyalty (*Continued from page* 19)

given me. I want to marry Allan because I love him!"

"Love's an overworked word, meaningless, anyway! You're bored, or it's spring, or you feel sorry for someone, or a passing attraction—and you call it love. You profess to 'love' *marrons glacés*, and your blue *faille* evening dress, and tennis. . . ." Mrs. Camlake would have delivered herself further on the vanity of love, but Judy had her hands over her ears. She saw, when she no longer heard, the words distorting her mother's mouth. "And you say you love Allen, too!"

"Yes." Well, she always ended by saying "yes" to her mother.

MRS. CAMLAKE shook her head, dismissing Judy's arguments unheard. "I don't know what I'd do if it was Leila!" Curiously enough, her mild and pretty daughter-in-law had grown much nearer to her than her own daughter, Judy. Not that Judy hated Leila for usurping her—she felt desperately sorry for her. Widowed after only two months' marriage. No people of her own left. Welcomed and virtually adopted by Paul's mother—with possession of young Paul the price of it, naturally.

"Poor Leila! I only wish she could find happiness again," Judy sighed, with more generosity than tact.

Mrs. Camlake drew herself up to her full stature, which was considerable. "Poor Leila has the sense to be happy here. Leila would never look at another man."

"I'm sure poor old Paul never stipulated that," Paul's sister remarked grimly. "Anyway, Leila's so shortsighted, she wouldn't see a man till she fell over him!"

Her mother pointed out that Judy was being unkind and unjust to her sister-in-law. "I don't like to talk about Stephen—you know I don't—but some of us think it would have been wiser to have listened to advice, and spared us all a lot of pain and publicity."

It was unanswerable, of course, about Stephen. Judy could only agree and apologize. But she resented having to.

It came to a head when she told her mother that she and Allan were going to be married in church.

"Church? Oh, my dear child. . . ." There was nothing in the suggestion to upset Mrs. Camlake particularly, but there was cold hostility in her voice, and even Leila seemed to share her sense of outrage. "My dear, when I wanted you to marry Stephen in a church, you wouldn't hear of it—and now, when you're so much older—and Allan a widower with a little boy, a boy older than our little Paul, too——"

Judy unwisely lost her temper. "Are you afraid I'll wear white, Mother? And expose you to the awkward conjectures of our friends and neighbours? Allan and I have some idea how to behave. You called his parents old-fashioned. Well, it means something to them to see us married in a church."

"White, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Camlake, patting her well-disciplined grey hair with diamond hooped fingers. "I should hope not. You'll be wanting bridesmaids next."

"No, Mother. I want just the people I love—and Allan."

"Whatever sort of wedding you have, people will talk. And it's not very nice for us, the family. Everybody will be remembering Stephen."

At nineteen, Judy had met Stephen and fallen for his dark, nervous charm. The war was on then, and romances speeded up accordingly. In the midst of the uniformed manhood that comprised all Judy's acquaintance, Stephen stood out. The only civilian. A backroom boy, people said. Important. He worked crazy hours and his friends worried about it.

Judy didn't worry, not seriously. She was in love for the first time, and love was to last for ever, like the fairy tales she hadn't closed so long ago. Her mother panicked at the suddenness of it. At Judy's youth. At Stephen's job. But Judy (for the first, and only, time in her life) was confident.

They were married at the local registrar's office one morning and set off by train—there was no petrol—for a four-day honeymoon in Devon. During the journey, Stephen had some kind of brainstorm, and jumped from the train.

A second tragedy in the family jerked Judy from some of her misery. Her own brother was killed flying. She had to comfort her mother, and also the homeless Leila, a year her junior, and expecting a child.

Mrs. Camlake mastered her grief admirably, and in turn comforted the two distracted young women. Then she settled down to living very comfortably with them and the little boy. "My three children," she called them fondly.

That was Leila's cue to call her the best mother-in-law in the world, and say she didn't know where they'd be without her. Until she met Allan, Judy hadn't known, either.

Mrs. Camlake came to manage so well with her altered household that she resented Judy breaking the pattern a second time. Only she didn't say that. She made Judy feel it instead. Nibbled at the foundations of her poise. Sowed doubts. Spoke disdainfully (and oh, so knowingly) about love. About love not lasting. . . . Suggested that their marrying in church was in doubtful taste.

"But Allan's a widower, Mother—not divorced. I talked to the minister about it. He was most understanding. And I'm something less than a widow, aren't I?"

"You came back here calling yourself Mrs. Stephen Halstead."

"No! I went away calling myself that. I've called myself Judy Camlake ever since—that day."

"A suicide's bride! The minister wouldn't have buried Stephen in his churchyard—you know that."

"Men like Stephen were the people who really won the war. They had no uniforms to protect them, and pin medals on——"

"Allan had a uniform for five years—and no medals!"

Judy gave in. "I don't want to quarrel with you, Mother. We just see things differently. I'm sorry." She had to fight back tears, love Allan, vindicate Stephen—as well as convince her mother, and it was impossible. "I'm sorry," she repeated, miserably.

Mrs. Camlake remarked bitterly: "Well, I wouldn't have married your father at thirty-eight—with a little boy, too. Fancy wanting to marry the husband another woman left! I'd have been too proud."

OLD Annie came nearer the truth. "You count yourself lucky, Miss Juju. Lots of women don't get a second chance. Your ma's a good woman—she'll come round in time."

But Judy shook her head. "No, Annie. Mother's right to doubt, I suppose. She feels that Stephen's tragedy reflected on her. After all, getting a daughter properly, permanently married is the outward and visible sign of a good mother, isn't it? Now I've spoilt it for her. She can't stage-manage a big wedding and exhibit us properly—so she resents the marriage."

"Now that's nonsense, Miss Juju, and you know it. Your ma doesn't resent your happiness—but maybe she resents losing you again, after you came back to her once. Still, that only shows how much she loves you, doesn't it?"

But Annie's philosophy hadn't really satisfied Judy. Even though Allan knew all about Stephen, and had understood. Had told her that only their love mattered, now. Their future. Their happiness. "Stop brooding, Judy. For your own sake—if not for mine! Don't you want fun and risks and responsibilities? They're part of the fabric of living."

"Yes," she agreed joyously. "When I'm with you there are no clouds, and no question marks, anywhere."

"Soon you will be with me—for always, Judy."

She nodded happily. "Marrying you will be like—coming home. I feel my home's with you and David, already. Just as if I'd been dusting it for years! Oh—that's not a very romantic thought, is it?"

She was so serious that he burst out laughing. "Don't worry, darling. There'll be good times coming. And work for your duster, too." But her smile was fading, already, and he thought she was worrying about her mother again. "Fortunately, your mother has Leila, and her grandson. She won't be lonely. You mustn't have scruples about that."

"Yes, of course. . . ." Oh, it was impossible, impossible. How to make him see that her mother ran all their lives, that they'd allowed her to, so that even if they had only themselves to blame, they couldn't shake off her power like that. If only she could hold out till the marriage. Not commit herself to returning for specified visits. Refused to hear Allan's parents criticized. Persuade poor Leila that she was really going to be happy. Be as gay and happy and confident as Allan deserved. . . .

Allan said no more, respecting her feelings. But his grip tightened on her wrist, suddenly. "I love you, Judy. You won't let me down for anyone—promise?"

In the warmth of his presence, it had been easy to promise, and she wouldn't let herself think about what he meant.

HER heart began to pound under the bedclothes as she remembered her promise. Today was the day she proposed to split her heart in half—to fob Allan off with half, and try to persuade her mother to be content with a similar share. No wonder she felt mean to both of them and disgusted with her own feebleness. That's what comes of trying to compromise, she thought miserably. You fall between two stools. She swung her feet out of bed, and stopped herself in time. The old urge to confide, to let someone else make up her mind was very strong.

The morning light was cold and she sat down on her bed, rubbing her bare arms and wondering what to do.

The room was still a young girl's room, refurnished by her mother the year before Stephen. Mother had chosen the pictures, the first full length mirror, even the shade on the lamp. Mother had placed photographs of her father and Paul on the table, moving Allan's leather frame farther back to give them pride of place. Had given the silver brushes and bottles, the furs in the cupboard, the luggage with her new initials, ready packed in the spare room—had even chosen the expensive navy suit, the mink tie, the very perfume she was to wear. It was impossible to say that Mrs. Camlake wasn't generous. She'd chosen everything for her daughter—except Allan.

Judy pulled on the old grey flannel suit (that was to go to a niece of Annie's) and a canary pullover and a navy beret. She crept out of the house that stifled her with comfort and chained her with obligation, and her confidence returned at every step. It was too early for Annie's alarm clock. Too early for the paper boy. Too early to cast a shadow on the night-fresh garden as she moved across it. She filled her lungs with the cold, clear air, and her mind with the strength of decision.

She couldn't marry Allan, much as she loved him, as long as she allowed anyone to keep a stranglehold on her life. She wasn't worth Allan's love till she was free. She wasn't fit to be any man's wife, till then. For the first time she felt sorry for her mother, instead of frightened and angry, sorry for the woman who belittled the power of love. It was her mother who lived in a cage, cloaking her bitterness in authority. Whose heart was hungry and empty, because she possessed her loved ones jealously, instead of sharing in their happiness. Judy's mother was one of the ones who hadn't had a second chance. It was not for Judy to blame her wasted years on her mother, but to understand—and pity her. And it was late, late. She began to hurry. (*Continued on page* 68)

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S AMAZING NEW

Miracle Discovery with Vitamin A for Dry or Lined Skins

Vitamin-Lanolin Formula

ONE of the most *news-making* discoveries has just been announced by Madame Helena Rubinstein. It is a remarkable new preparation called Vitamin-Lanolin Formula. It is the first positive help for thousands of women whose dry or lined skins do not respond to ordinary care.

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The village was stirring as she came to the end of the lane. There were milk bottles on doorsteps, boys delivering papers, a couple of workmen heading towards the station.

"'Morning, Miss Camlake — you're up early!" It was Albert, who brought the papers to their house. He pedalled past her on his rackety bike, not thinking that it was odd for her to be abroad, early and alone, on her wedding morning.

Straight ahead lay the little station, with its gay flowerbeds, and toylike signals, and the white smoke of the day's first train coming towards it, and she began to run. Her breath came shorter and shorter, hurting her chest, confusing her new plans for learning shorthand, kennel maiding, nursing, driving. "Allan," chuffed the train, slower and slower. "Allan," mocked the cuckoos in the lilac. "Allan. . . ." She had only breath to gasp the name. There were tears on her cheeks, and she was going to miss the train.

"Hey, want a lift?" She had to stop at last, because of the pain in her side. There was Allan's old blue car beside her, and Allan himself at the wheel. At least he was alone in the car, she could explain. Or could she? He swung the door open and she got in beside him, silent and exhausted.

"Were you running away from me?" he asked conversationally.

"No. I was running to you— in a round-about way."

"Good, I thought you might."

The train disappeared along the cutting and the cuckoos hushed. She stared at Allan's profile, passing a hand over her hair, and finding the beret gone. "Well, you don't seem surprised. Why are you here?"

There were small lines of strain round his mouth, but he answered quietly: "To meet you. If you wanted to be met. . . ." He kept his eyes on the road in front of them. "We're going to the church, by the way. All right with you?"

"Yes. But your parents?"

"Waiting there. To tell you the truth, Judy, I thought the ceremony might mean more if we were alone. Or nearly alone. They'll be our only witnesses——"

"So we're running away—together? How clever of you to think of it. Oh, I do love you, Allan."

He risked taking a hand off the wheel. "Well, not quite running away. We're adults, darling. After the ceremony, we'll go back and ask your mother's blessing."

END

The House At Stillwater (*Continued from page* 31)

autumn afternoon. She had been in the middle of making quince jam when the children called her: "Mummy, come quickly! Mr. Collins is here with his van."

"I'm not expecting anything," she had cried, running out in her check overall, "there must be some mistake."

"A little birthday present, Mr. Foster said it was," grinned the big, beefy carrier, "reckon young Peter had best slip down to the farm and get Joe to come up and give us a hand."

She remembered the thrill of getting it safely in place, of sitting down and hearing for the first time its sweet, bell-like notes. Hesitantly she played a few chords of a Chopin prelude, but it was as though she gave vocal expression to the *malaise* of the house. The instrument was out of tune, many of the notes were dumb.

She sat at the desk and leaned her head in her hands. It was here, in this room, that she and Roger had finally decided to part. The things they had said to each other had been bitter, and, as she had thought then, never to be forgotten. Now all she could remember was the hurt.

Thinking about it now was like playing over an old gramophone record of one's own voice. Everything was distorted and unreal. How could she have been so hard, so self-righteous—how could she dare to judge—knowing the impact of war only in terms of life at Stillwater—what it had meant for a man to be close to death for months on end. . . .

HE had tried so hard to make her understand, while still refusing, with a loyalty that had hardened her heart, to disparage the woman who had befriended him. She was good and brave, he had insisted, and although it was all over and finished with, he would never forget her so long as he lived.

"If only you had told me," she stormed, "instead of leaving letters about for me to find."

"One day I would have told you," he said, "as soon as I thought you would accept the truth."

She got up, seeing in passing a blurred image of herself in the mirror between the two windows. Had she altered in the way the house had altered, she wondered? If Roger saw her now would he get the same sense of shock that she had felt seeing Stillwater again after two years?

She wandered forlornly over the rest of the house, finding no comfort. The bare oak boards of the main staircase echoed under her feet. The bedrooms looked sad and cold, the furniture shrouded in dust sheets, the curtains drawn.

Last of all she visited the guest room, reached by its own stairs from the kitchen. It was here that she had slept after the final quarrel, quite cut off from the rest of the house. Not that she had slept very much—she still remembered the torture of lying awake for hours, thinking. Of hearing the solemn chime of the church clock counting the hours away; of seeing the first flush of dawn brightening the windows, of turning away from the first sleepy chattering of the birds.

Now the room, like the rest of the house, was clean, impersonal and cold. Stillwater was no longer a home. Its soul—if houses had souls, was dying. Only new tenants, a happy family full of hope for the future, could bring it back to life.

She let herself out of the house, locking the front door behind her. The lawns and flower beds were reasonably tidy (to impress would-be buyers, she thought bitterly) but at the back the orchard was a wilderness of weeds and stinging nettles. The water garden, once the pride of Roger's heart, gave her a shock. The bamboos, like a jungle of sharp spears had encroached to the edge of the pool. The goldfish were dead, their bloated bodies suspended on a shroud of acid-green scum.

TURNING away she headed blindly for the woods, the desolation of the scene tearing at her nerves. All the little paths the family had used were over-grown and tangled briars tore unheeded at her clothes.

Hardly conscious of how she got there, she found herself on the edge of Stillwater Lake. The wide, sleet grey expanse of water, ruffled by wind and rain, lay between the folds of wooded hills. It reflected the tops of pine trees, the plumy branches of larch and silver birch, the pale blur of her face, as she leaned over the bridge at the top of the weir.

Midway along the bank the boathouse threw an inky shadow across the lake. The children's punt, half full of brackish water, drifted beside it. The scene was sombre and lonely, in poignant contrast to her memories of hot summer days, of picnics and bathing parties, of laughter and lost happiness.

She shivered, suddenly conscious of her sodden town shoes and damp clothes. She should never have come. It was too late now for looking back—too late for regrets. . . .

She turned her steps towards the house, the words echoing in her mind. Roger would marry again and the children would have a new home, the conflicting claims of new loyalties and affections. She had recognized and accepted the position long ago, but seeing Stillwater again revived a wild desire to wash out the past. To ask Roger to stop the divorce, to say: "Let's start all over again. Let's keep the house and build a new life for the children. . . ."

Like a sobering douche of cold water, she remembered his face the last time they met in the desiccated atmosphere of the solicitor's office. He had looked at her with cool detachment, treated her with the disinterested politeness of a stranger. The past, he had made plain, was for him over and done with.

And when all the formalities had been dealt with she had watched him hurrying off down the street like a small boy escaping from school. Perhaps he was on his way to meet the girl she had heard so much about from mutual friends. Not a beauty, according to Molly Rankin, but an intelligent-looking young woman who knew how to wear her excellent clothes.

"Not at all Roger's type, I would have thought," Molly had said, looking at her across the restaurant table, "but they certainly seemed to have a lot in common." She had paused: "Do you mind, Dru—after all this time?"

"Why should I?" she had asked, lightly.

Molly sighed: "I just wondered my dear. I think ex-wives are apt to be dog-in-the-manger—I know I was."

As she reached the garden, the first cry of an owl, deep in the woods, reminded her that the light was fading, the day nearly over. The house, she felt, was waiting for her, that it needed warmth and comfort and reassurance as badly as she needed them herself.

Working quickly she lit fires, moved furniture into its old inviting order, straightened loose-covers, plumped up cushions. Last of all she picked flowers in the wet, mist-enshrouded garden. Great masses of Michaelmas daisies and golden-rod, a few late roses.

When the oil lamps were lit and the curtains drawn she looked about her with a sense of wonder. The change was dramatic—the house was coming back to life like a sick person after a blood transfusion. All it needed now, for complete normality, was the sound of voices. . . . She switched on the radio and music filled the room. Schubert—her favourite "Trout" Quintet. She listened entranced as the familiar lilting magic spilled around her.

By the time the concert was over she had decided to stay the night. She had several hours' work ahead—when it was finished with she would lie on the couch in front of the fire. Sleep was unlikely, but she had plenty to think about. The life at Stillwater that was about to end finally—that other life in London that seemed so full and busy and yet that offered so little of the things that really mattered.

SHE was in the scullery lighting the Primus stove for tea when she heard steps hurrying up the front path. They were so familiar, heard exactly like this so many times before, that she could hardly credit their reality until the front door opened and Roger bent his head to come in.

He stood looking down at her from his superior height, the hanging lamp exaggerating the new hollows of his face.

"What's wrong?" she cried, "is it one of the children?"

"Nothing's wrong—at least, not more so than usual. I just felt I had to see you, that's all."

She said, her lips feeling stiff and dry, "How did you know I was here?"

"Margery phoned. She saw you pass in the car. I arranged with her ages ago that if you ever showed up she should get in touch with me at once."

She walked past him into the sitting-room, and he followed. She threw a fresh log on the fire and stood looking down so that he should not see her face. (*Continued on page* 70)

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I

She said bitterly: "Were you afraid I might pinch the spoons?"

He didn't answer but she knew that he was looking at her, felt his exasperation. He took off his heavy overcoat and threw it over a chair. Then he said quietly: "I want to talk to you. After all, there are the children to consider. There are things concerning their welfare I would like to discuss without the benefit of legal flim-flam."

In spite of the heat from the fire Drusilla suddenly felt cold and shivery. She held out her hands to the blaze. "A bit late in the day, isn't it?" Even to her own ears her voice sounded hard and flat.

He moved closer and stood looking down at her. "Your shoes are soaking—so are your clothes. Better get out of those things pretty damn quickly. You can wrap yourself in my coat while I hunt out something for you to wear."

He gave her a gentle shove towards the warm glow of the hearth and left her abruptly. She heard his feet clattering up the stairs, the cheerful sound of doors banging and furniture being shifted about.

ALMOST automatically she did as he had told her; rubbing her chilled flesh back to life, holding out her narrow feet to the red heart of the fire. Her thoughts were too incoherent for comfort, too contradictory for hope. His kindness meant nothing, he would be equally thoughtful for the merest stranger. And he had always been unpredictable. This might be his way of saying "Goodbye" to the old life before taking up the new. . . .

"There you are," he said casually, coming back with an armful of clothes, "they're all bone dry. Margaret stored them in the back of the airing cupboard. You can dress while I get supper. No sense talking on a empty stomach."

"You won't find much," she said, not looking at him, "A tin of beans perhaps. I think there's a pinch of tea in the caddy."

"Leave it to me," he said. She could tell that he was smiling.

She got into the old green corduroy slacks the washed out woollies with a sense of moving back into the past. They were not the kind of garments worn by a reasonably successful novelist living in a modern Chelsea flat, but at the moment they meant more to her than anything else that she possessed.

When he came back with a loaded tray he stared at her with eyebrows raised. "Feeling better?"

"Yes." She felt the colour flooding her face. While he'd been gone she had put on fresh make-up, combed her hair and tied it back with a ribbon—his favourite style.

He smiled. "You look about nineteen. How do you do it?"

Almost against her will she felt herself returning the smile. Then she gasped—"Where on earth did you get all that food?"

He suddenly looked almost boyishly pleased with himself. "From my delicatessen. Mushroom soup, cold chicken, Russian salad, cheese and Bath biscuits. Plus a bottle of claret and later, coffee. Are you hungry?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

"Come on then, let's eat."

He drew out a chair and helped her into it. The soup was hot and delicious. Deftly he carved the chicken, treating her all the time with the charming solicitude of a well-bred man dining with an attractive woman. She tried to respond to his mood, but felt that she did less than her share at keeping this weird meal on the level of light comedy that he had set for it. Try as she would, her lips would tremble when she wished them to smile, her voice would falter when he reminded her of something dear and ridiculous that they had shared in the past.

"And now," he said, filling her glass, "what shall we drink to, Drusilla? The old days, with all their mistakes, your successful present—or your future literary triumphs?"

In her hypersensitive state, his tone seemed to suggest complete contempt for her work, for her whole scheme of living. His object in coming here, then, had been simply to humiliate her. To show her what she had lost—how paltry the measure of her gains.

"No more wine," she said, trying to disguise her sudden anger.

"Do I bore you, perhaps, with my domestic reminiscences?" he asked politely.

She got up from the table. "I came here to work. If you'll excuse me now. . . ."

"Certainly. . . ." He was looking at her with an expression that she couldn't understand. "That was your only reason?"

"Yes."

"I see. Foolish of me perhaps, but when I saw the welcoming look of the house, the flowers—I thought—well . . . I don't suppose you even want to know, do you?"

"The least we say now, the better. You shouldn't have come. The whole thing is a mistake. I don't know what my solicitor would have to say. . . ."

He muttered something under his breath. "Never mind, you'll be able to make use of the situation in your next book."

For a moment she did not trust herself to answer. His biting sarcasm still had power to wound, to make her want to lash out at him with her tongue. She said at last: "You always hated my work, didn't you?"

"Not until it gave you power—a weapon to fight me with."

She escaped to her own room, fighting for control. It was obvious enough now that he had never for a moment considered a reconciliation. She must have been mad to imagine such a thing. The gesture of coming after her, of bringing food and wine was typical of his liking for rounding things off—tying up loose ends was his name for it. Well, now he would have something else to tell that girl about. . . . "I hoped we'd part as friends for the children's sake, heaven knows I made the effort. But it wasn't any good. . . ."

She looked in the secret compartment of her desk for the key that unlocked the drawers, but it was missing. She felt a wave of dismay sweep over her. The desk held the real reason for her return. The albums she'd kept when the children were small. Notes on growth and development, records of red-letter days that marked some baby triumph—some important milestone. There were other things as well, family snaps—and, of course—Roger's letters.

He had never been a man of many words when it came to expressing deeper feelings but his letters had made up for everything. His letters . . . the old pain returned, strong as it had ever been. She was not the only woman who had treasured his written words of love. . . .

He tapped on the door. "Are you looking for the key?"

"What have you done with it?" she said angrily. "When did you move it?"

"It wasn't safe in that so-called secret drawer," he said calmly. "One's tenants—like one's wife—are sometimes a little more curious than they should be, I find."

"YOU dare to say that!" she cried, hating him for his cool detachment, his polite reserve that seemed to mock at the past, at all they had once meant to each other. Hating him and despising herself because it was still impossible for her not to be moved by his lean good looks, his unconscious charm. "Give me that key at once!"

"It's not quite so easy," he said, coolly, "in fact, you'll have to help. The key is in the loft—very cunningly concealed. You'll have to come with me and hold the torch while I scramble about amongst the cobwebs."

"Then let's hurry," she said sharply, "I don't want to be driving back to town in the middle of the night."

He led the way, shining the torch on the polished treads of the stairs, sweeping its beam ahead of her along the dark corridors."

"You don't have to fuss," she told him impatiently, "I know the way."

"I thought you might have forgotten."

She leant against the wall while he adjusted the steps, wondering if, after all, this might be some nightmarish dream.

His cool voice dispelled the doubt. "Come on, take the torch, will you? This trapdoor is the very devil to open. . . ."

She obeyed, admiring against her will his easy grace, his strong, well-shaped hands, the outline of his head against the pool of light.

The door creaked back and as he pulled himself inside she felt all the old ridiculous alarm that night trips to this part of the house had always given her. Usually these had been midwinter affairs to take anti-frost measures, or to empty the tank when the worst had happened. Apart from the tanks the plaster between the lathes was very thin. One false step and . . .

"Be careful," she cried sharply.

He laughed. "Come on—the torch!"

She began to climb, "I'm coming, too." When she got to the top of the steps she tried to raise herself into the loft.

"Shall I help you?" he asked politely.

"Please."

His hard arms reached down for her and for one moment she had an almost over-powering impulse to relax against his shoulder. To beat down her pride and throw herself on his mercy. . . . "There—sit here and don't move unless you want to break your neck."

THE flat tone of his voice brought her back to her senses. She looked about her. Bits of the family jigsaw materialized in the gloom. Old suitcases; Roger's kitbag and duffle coat; a Moses basket; the rusty remains of Peter's first tricycle, a few broken bits of furniture and, of course, Ann's doll's house.

Roger had made it himself, modelling it on Stillwater. The furniture and fittings had kept them both busy a whole winter after the children were in bed. It had cost practically nothing except patience and love and it was probably, Drusilla thought, the most rewarding thing they had ever done.

She wondered if he remembered the look on Ann's face that Christmas morning. "For Ann?" she had said, gazing at the doll's house in a trance of wonder.

"Your very own, darling."

Roger was waving the torch over its miniature windows, probing the rose covered porch. "We should give this thing away—all these toys should be turfed out and passed on to an orphanage. Senseless to leave them rotting up here."

"You can't do that," she said quickly, defensively, "they belong to the children. It's for them to decide."

"I see. One can disrupt their lives, break up their home but when it comes to toys their wishes are sacred. I'm sorry—no doubt I'm dense, but I just don't see your point of view."

"That's the trouble," Drusilla snapped. "You never could. Where's the key?"

He scrambled over the dusty laths, his grotesque shadow dancing above him on the slanting eaves. "Be careful!" she cried again, resenting her own concern at his recklessness. And mixed up with all her other emotions was a half-stifled sense of amusement that he should have taken such pains to hide the key. It was almost the kind of thing that Peter might do. Aloud she said: "Wouldn't your key ring have been a more suitable place?"

"For your own special key?" he mocked her. "I think not. But in case you fear I've gone queer in the head—I secreted it up here when I was re-hanging tiles before the last tenants took over. If I remember correctly it's in the baby's cot in the nursery. Yes, here it is, tucked under the blankets that you made so beautifully from an Army vest. Remember?"

"Let's get out of her," she said in a choked voice.

He swung her lightly down from the loft. "Lost weight, haven't you?" he remarked carelessly.

"A little."

He walked ahead of her down the stairs. "Women don't eat properly when they're on their own. Made any plans for marrying again, Drusilla?"

"No." She braced herself for the shock of hearing him put it in words, tell her what she knew so surely; but he said nothing. Rather breathlessly she said at last: "You've still not given me the key."

He handed it over. "What's in your desk?" he said casually, "plots for best sellers?"

She turned away, not answering. The barrier between

(*Continued on page 72*)

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them was stronger than ever—this journey into the past even more painful than she had imagined it would be. Nearly everything in the desk was concerned with lost happiness—pitifully far away. She was tying up a bundle of the children's drawings when Roger tapped at the door. He had his overcoat on. He stood looking down at the things spread on the floor. He stooped and picked up an album : "Mind if I look?"

She shook her head, unable to speak in case she should break down and say, "Don't go away—don't ever leave me again. . . ."

He said dreamily, turning over the pages of the book, "Good-looking kids, ours. Funny how little they've altered. This one of Peter in his high chair—put a school cap on him and there's the prep. school boy of today."

"Good thing he can't hear you saying that."

He laughed. "Funny how anxious they are to grow up. If they only knew. . . ." He turned away. "Oh well, no sense in turning the screw. Come and have a drink."

She followed him into the sitting-room, glad of the kind light of the lamps. Idly she reached for the bellows and began to blow at the small blue flames.

"Not like that," he said irritably, "can't you see you're blowing the damn thing out?"

"We always quarrelled about the fire," she said absently. And then, forcing herself to look at him she said : "Why did you come tonight, Roger? Was it to tell me about your own plans for the future?"

"What precisely do you mean?"

"I had the impression . . . isn't there—someone else?"

He stared at her, the poker suspended in his hand. "What gave you that idea?"

"Just rumours, really. Molly did mention. . . .

"Oh—of course! The faithful female friend—I should have guessed. But isn't it a bit hasty, even for Molly, marrying me off because she happens to have seen me with the same woman once or twice?"

"I'm sorry," Drusilla said stiffly, hating herself for the relief she felt, the odd sense of triumph.

"You needn't be. And to save Molly from further researches—the girl is our new publicity manager. She's nice, though. One of the few career women I've met with sense enough to keep her private life under control." He picked up his hat, "You look tired out," he said. "I'd better go. I'm sorry I came now, it hasn't done any good. Just made you hate me a fraction more than you did."

"Don't go," she said, "you haven't had that drink."

He hesitated and then he said, very quietly, "There's just one thing I'd like to ask you before I go. Why did you choose today of all days in the year to come back to Stillwater? I thought—so did Margery—that it might mean—well—almost anything. I broke up a board meeting when she rang to say you were here, and I cleared out in a matter of minutes. . . ."

"I don't know what you mean, Roger," she said, her heart thudding.

"You mean you've forgotten what day this is?"

She said shakily : "I don't go in for remembering dates any more—only the children's birthdays."

"It's our wedding anniversary. I thought it was the husband who was supposed to forget these things."

"Does it matter, now . . .?" her voice was not much more than a whisper.

"That's for you to say." He turned and busied himself at the table. "That toast," he said, passing her a glass of wine, "what shall we drink to, Drusilla—yesterday—or tomorrow?"

She said faintly, "I don't think I quite understand." *Did he mean . . . could he possibly mean . . .* ? She forced herself to look at him.

His eyes met hers, all defences down. "Is it really too late to wash out the past, begin all over again?" His hand closed over hers. "Isn't it really some kind of tortured pride that's kept us apart so long, Drusilla? I want you so much—I need you so terribly."

The glass slipped from her fingers and a purple stain spread over the damask cloth while they looked at one another, while their lips met and joy took possession of their hearts.

END

The Portrait And The People

(*Continued from page* 38)

"That is my ancestress, the Marchioness de Lafayette," she said.

"They tell me it's by Gilbert Stuart."

"Indeed! What else do they tell you?"

"Why, Van Norstrand, the New York art dealer, told my mother that he offered you fifty thousand dollars for it, and you refused it."

"Then presumably it's worth more than that," she said brusquely, but her tone was less aggressive.

"It really should be in the National Gallery."

"Nonsense. My family possessions remain in the family. Why, that very chair that you are sitting on, Doctor, once held Benjamin Disraeli. This inkstand was given to my great - grandfather by Samuel Johnson. Wouldn't *you* want to keep such things in the family?"

"I didn't know you had a family," he said apologetically.

She was silent for a few moments. Then she said almost in a whisper : "My daughter died of diphtheria. I lost my son Wilberforce, and my two grandchildren in—in a disaster."

Impulsively, the doctor put out his hand and took hers.

"I'm sorry," he said gently, "I didn't know."

"No offence, Doctor." She sighed. "And you may be right. The portrait should be where more people can see it. Still, it can stay here for my lifetime, for, as you said, I'm not eighteen any more. And then, who knows, I might leave it to you. . . ."

As young Dr. Bartholomew drove home, he pondered her words. If she only would, he thought. Fifty thousand dollars—that's about seventeen thousand pounds. What couldn't I do with that!

MRS. PONTEFRACT sat in the damp and dusty drawing-room until the rays of the setting sun hit the ceiling. She kept thinking of the girl in the exchange. A pleasant voice she thought. There was so little in life that was pleasant. How bored she was! She could not see to read. As for the wireless, she was too deaf to hear it well. Ruefully she remembered an old joke from *Punch* : "Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." But when the sun touched the ceiling, she rose, wrapped herself in a heavily embroidered Chinese shawl and went out.

It was not hard to find her way along to her next-door neighbour's house. Her feet had known the path for over sixty-five years. Outside Mrs. Winston's, a dark blob appeared on the path before her.

"Hallo, doggie," she said, and bent creakily to pat the blob. It proved to be a black cat. "That's lucky," she murmured. "Connie, your luck is in." She lifted the cat and clutched it to her breast as she hobbled up the path to her neighbour's. She disengaged two fingers to ring the bell.

"Why, Constance!" Mrs. Winston's appearance was elderly, fat and jolly, but her voice was cool.

"Polly, is this your cat? She's been mewing around my place all afternoon, so I've brought her."

"Yes, she's ours. Thank you."

Mrs. Pontefract gave an exaggerated sniff. "My, something smells good. What are you cooking, Polly?"

"Roast stuffed pork and baked potatoes, with apple sauce," Mrs. Winston admitted unwillingly.

"Well, what a coincidence! I adore stuffed pork."

BOTH women stood their ground for a few moments, then the weaker gave in. "Well, come in and have some with us, Constance, do," said Mrs. Winston grudgingly.

Mrs. Pontefract regally overlooked the fact that Mr. Winston greeted her with a disgusted grunt. She enjoyed her dinner and when the remaining half-roast was carried away she said : "What are you going to do with that, Polly?"

"Do with it? Why?" Mrs. Winston eyed her guest warily, suspecting this new gambit.

"Well, it'd be a shame to throw that little piece out. I could take it home with me, for tomorrow."

There was a long silence, broken only by the occasional rattle of Mrs. Pontefract's rings shaking against her coffee cup.

"I've been thinking of making a new will," she said soon.

"Oh?" Two pairs of eyes lighted up.

"Yes, you two have always been so good to me, so I've been thinking. Tell me, Polly, of all the bits and pieces in my house, which do you like best?"

Mrs. Winston threw a guarded glance at her husband and bit her lip.

"Well, speak up!" said Mrs. Pontefract impatiently. "If it's the Disraeli chair, say so. If it's the portrait, just say."

"The *portrait*!" Mrs. Winston clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"All right, all right, Polly," said Mrs. Pontefract. "The portrait it is. I'll have Rafferty in tomorrow."

"Rafferty's your solicitor?" asked Mr. Winston respectfully.

"Yes. He's a young bachelor. I like young men. My doctor's young, too—Dr. Richner."

Mrs. Winston shook with laughter. "Dr. Richner died fifty years ago, Connie."

Mrs. Pontefract bit her lip. "I know, Polly. You don't need to tell me. I was just testing your memory. Well, we're neither of us eighteen any more. . . . I'm tired. I must get home." Shakily she rose. Mr. Winston jumped to his feet and took her arm obsequiously.

"Just wrap up that pork for Connie," he directed his wife loudly. "And put plenty of stuffing and apple sauce in a dish. And we have some good Scotch in, Connie. You like Scotch?"

Mrs. Pontefract intimated that Scotch would not be unwelcome.

"But I can't carry all that," she said coyly. "You'll have to put them in a basket and escort me home."

"Delighted, delighted," he responded with enthusiasm.

When he had put the viands in her own pantry and said half a dozen hearty goodnights, Mrs. Pontefract dismissed him.

At the bottom of the stairs she paused for quite a time, dreading the ascent. Then she gave herself an impatient shake.

"Where's my will-to-climb," she muttered, clutching the banister. "Come *on*, Connie. Twenty-four stairs. . . . Twenty-three—twenty-two—twenty-one—come on, Connie. . . ."

When she reached the top she paused to get her breath and to survey her reflection in the long mirror. "You ugly old sinner," she said. "You damned ugly old liar and cheat."

UNLIKE her doctor, Mr. Thomas Rafferty, her solicitor did not arrive at the time specified by the telephone exchange the next morning.

"You're an hour and a half late, Tom," said Mrs. Pontefract irritably when he came in, "and you know very well how I dislike to be kept waiting."

"You can't send for a lawyer like you send for a fire-engine, to (*Continued on page* 74)

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be there in three minutes," said Mr. Rafferty impenitently. "What is it, Connie?"

"How *dare* you call me Connie! You need a wife to teach you manners!"

"Everyone calls you Connie behind your back. In fact, Lyttleton is Connie's town, just about. Connie's hospital, Connie's public library, Connie's rest rooms, and Dear knows what else."

She chuckled. "Yes, I've left my mark here, haven't I? How much money have I poured into this little town, I wonder?"

"I don't know. Millions. Most of it was in my father's day. He was acting for you then. Anyway, what do you want? Tell me quickly and let me go."

"SIT down, Tom, and let me collect my thoughts. How can I tell you what I want when you're as taut as a runner waiting for the starting gun?"

He sat down and she leaned forward, peering at him.

"What is it?" he asked. "Why are you staring at me?"

"Dammit, I'm trying to *see* you. I'm getting so blind, Tom. Everything I see is just a foggy blur. You have red hair, like your father. I have to turn sideways like a parrot, to look at you with my good eye. You're very like him, but you're taller. He was a handsome chap." She sighed reminiscently.

"What *is* it, Connie. *Tell* me!"

"I'm thinking of making a new will."

"Don't be silly, dear," he said. "If that's all, I'll go."

She gave a sudden cackle of obscene merriment.

"I invited myself to supper at the Winston's last night, and they were so frosty, I said I'd probably leave them The Portrait. She's been looking out of the window all morning, just to see if I really sent for you."

"Well, I've been here," he said grimly. "So you can string her along a little further."

Suddenly her eyes glazed and she stretched out a shaking hand to him.

"Don't think too badly of me, Tom," she quavered. "I have to eat. I get hungry."

He went and knelt before her, taking her hands in his.

"Connie," he said, "I think you're marvellous. I think you're the most gallant woman I've ever known. But your pride is crazy. Let me give you a little income. Sell the house; it'll fetch something; and then take a small flat and let me give you enough to live on. It wouldn't be a gift, really. Look at all the fees you paid our firm across the last sixty years——"

She shook him off brusquely.

"If you're trying to pauperize me, Thomas Rafferty, you can get out of that door and don't come back. In my family, we don't accept charity." She was trembling with anger.

Tom sat down again and shrugged hopelessly.

"I suppose Polly Winston's suppers aren't charity?" he said wearily.

"No, they certainly are not. Why, when I had money I took Polly Winston abroad nearly every year. We went all over Europe. Once, we went around the world, and it didn't cost her a penny. She owes me a few meals, does Polly Winston."

"I DON'T doubt it. But you can't stay in this house another winter. The roof is bad. A heavy fall of snow could bring it in on you. The plumbing needs entirely replacing. In fact, the house is almost worthless, Connie. But you'd get something for the site."

"Save your breath, Tom Rafferty. I intend to die right here in my own home. And I shall live here until that time comes."

"Connie, dear, they won't *let* you."

She stiffened and her hands clenched convulsively.

"*Who* won't?"

"The authorities, dear. The same public health authorities that you yourself helped to institute so long ago. These days, blind old ladies are not allowed to live alone and die of starvation. They move them into institutions. . . ."

For a moment Mrs. Pontefract hid her face in her shaking hands. Then:

"Help me, Tom," she pleaded. "I can't go to the Home; I'd die in less than a week. But I can get someone in—a companion."

"You've had nearly every unmarried girl or woman in the district here to be your companion. And what happens? Before a week is out, they leave."

"I'd be different now, Tom," she vowed. "I wouldn't be so dictatorial. And there's a girl who's just new in the district. She works in the telephone exchange. Such a nice voice, Tom. Lucy Bassett. Try and get her for me. I'll give her a suite of rooms and she can live here rent free. She can have her own private kitchen—the big kitchen—and I can use the butler's pantry. She needn't give up her job. She needn't do anything for me. She needn't even see me. If she'd just *be* here, they'd have no excuse for moving me. They couldn't say I was alone. If we can fulfil the merest letter of the law, I know Dr. Bartholomew will agree to anything I say."

"Why? Did you promise him The Portrait, too?"

Mrs. Pontefract gave her senile cackle of amusement.

"Practically."

Thomas Rafferty stood up.

"You're a wicked old woman," he said, kissing her cheek, "and I adore you."

"Will you try to get the girl for me?"

"I'll try, but I shall insist on showing her the house before she moves into it. I'm not selling the girl a pup, Connie, even for you. If she seems inclined to consider it at all, I'll bring her this evening."

"Thank you, Tom. You're a good friend. You're like your father. . . ." She closed her eyes and nodded. "I'm sleepy," she said. "You can go, Tom, and I'll just have forty winks here in my chair."

And one of these days you won't wake up, he thought as he tiptoed out.

WHEN he brought the girl, that evening, he found that Mrs. Pontefract had fortified herself not only with her impressive imitation rings but with a lorgnette, too. It didn't help her to see, however, and after a few moments of desperate squinting through it, she said: "Charming! I wish I were a writer, to describe you, Miss Bassett. Tom, if you were a writer, how would you describe Miss Bassett?"

He did not permit himself to smile at this device but launched out at once: "Copper-coloured hair, blue-grey eyes, clear complexion, wide mouth, nice smile, height about five foot four, weight maybe eight stone four, age—she told me—twenty-seven."

"That's not a description," said Mrs. Pontefract. "That's an inventory. Tell me something about your background, my dear. Speak up, for I am a little deaf."

"I'm afraid it's rather ordinary," said Lucy, clearly. "My parents are both dead. My father was an artist, my——"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted Mrs. Pontefract. "I think I know the work of every recent artist of status. Bassett, Bassett. . . . *Henry* Bassett?"

"Yes."

"That name rings a bell. Wasn't he one of the Impressionists?"

"No, Mrs. Pontefract, he——"

"Don't tell me. Don't tell me. I remember the name perfectly. Wasn't he associated with Picasso? The abstract school?"

"No, Mrs. Pontefract. He—— I'm afraid he didn't have what you call 'status.' He was what might be called a hack. A pot-boiler. But he was a dear and good father to me. He died when I was quite young. My mother died last year. I looked after her. . . ." The girl broke off, choking.

"I am sure you were very sweet and kind to her."

"I wasn't. I was hateful to her."

Mrs. Pontefract blinked several times, then nodded approvingly. "I like people who tell the truth," she murmured, "although I very rarely do so myself. Well, dear, you can move in any time you like."

"Not so fast, not so fast," Tom Rafferty intervened. "Miss Bassett is to see the house first. Remember?"

"Certainly, my dear Tom. I am giving her the judge's suite. Take her up to see it."

"She's certainly doing you proud," murmured Tom as they ascended the stairs. "I don't think her husband's suite has been occupied since he died forty-five years ago, but everything in it is a museum piece."

He flung open the door and Lucy went in. As in every other part of the house, the wallpaper hung down in streamers. A thick black dust covered every object. A curious green vegetable mould carpeted the parquet floors, except where the beautiful but rotting Aubusson rugs lay. Spider webs draped the walls and ceilings. There was half an inch of mud and slime in the magnificent Italian marble bath. The windows were opaque with dirt. Beyond the bedroom there was a spacious sunporch, but Tom put out his arm to stop the girl as she was about to step out on it.

"I'm not too sure that floor is safe," he warned. "This porch is over the dining-room, and the water has been coming in there for years."

Wide-eyed, the girl followed him out on to the landing.

"Wait a minute. Don't go down," he murmured. "I'll show you the attics." And up they went, another flight.

LUCY'S dismayed glance fell on the great mounds of sodden fallen plaster, broken tiles, apertures through which the sky was discernible.

At last she turned to her guide.

"How—how can anyone live in a house like this?" she whispered. "It—it just isn't habitable."

He nodded. "That's your decision?"

"It isn't a *decision*," she whispered. "It's an *opinion*. Why doesn't she get the roof repaired?"

"That would be a very expensive job."

"But she's supposed to be so wealthy!"

"That supposition could be wrong."

For a moment Lucy closed her eyes. Her hands were tightly clasped. She might almost have been praying.

Then suddenly there was an angry clatter on the stairs.

"What are you two whispering about?" Mrs. Pontefract stood there panting with rage and the exertion of climbing. "And what are you doing up here? Tom Rafferty, I told you to show her the judge's suite, nothing else."

"And I told you that I'd show her *the house*," he retorted calmly.

"Well, of course she won't stay now." The old lady's curved back bent lower. She groped blindly towards the stairs, all ashake with her palsy, a picture of tragic defeat.

Lucy Bassett darted forward and took her arm.

"*Of course* I shall stay," she said in her sweet, clear voice. "It's a *beautiful* house, Mrs. Pontefract, and I can't thank you enough for inviting me. I'm going right off now, to get my luggage. Goodbye, Mr. Rafferty, and thank you." And with a brief nod and smile she was gone.

"Heroic person," commented Mr. Rafferty drily.

"Maybe. Or maybe she's heard about The Portrait," cackled Mrs. Pontefract.

"You think every human being is corrupt, don't you?" growled Mr. Rafferty moodily.

"Frankly, I do."

"Yet when you were her age, you were a generous young thing. That was when *you* wanted to help the aged—you founded the Pontefract Home, to mention one of many things."

"You're suggesting that this chit is like me?"

"When she said straight out that she'd been hateful to her mother, that was a good deal like you, Connie." He sighed and shrugged. "And yet, who knows, maybe she's after the portrait, like the rest."

FOR the next three weeks Lucy spent her spare time cleaning, scrubbing, scraping and repairing.

One day she met (*Continued on page 76*)

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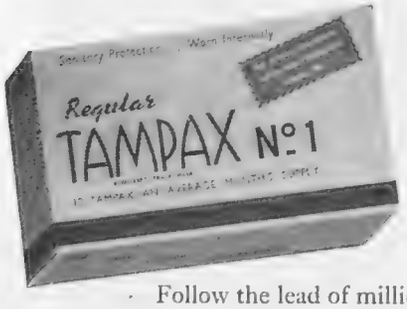

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Mr. Rafferty in the street. He stopped to speak with her.

"Well, what's the house like now?" he asked jocularly.

"Like the Augean stable," she answered briefly.

"You ought to have a woman in to clean it."

"I am a woman."

He stood arrested while this sank in.

"What about the roof?" he asked next.

"It's as it was. With my wages, I can't afford to do anything about it."

"What are you going to do when the winter comes? The temperature in that house is about forty-five. Connie says she likes it that way."

"Then I shall like it, too."

"Did she show you the Lafayette portrait?"

Her countenance seemed to shut like a refrigerator door.

"I know all about the portrait, thank you, Mr. Rafferty."

"Ha, I thought so!" He walked on, too disgusted to say goodbye.

WHATEVER Lucy may have thought about the portrait, the townsfolk knew exactly what they thought about Lucy. Here was this pretty upstart who had wheedled her way into Mrs. Pontefract's sympathies. No doubt she'd be the heiress, the old lady being as senile as she was. About fifty people now remembered all they had done for Mrs. Pontefract. Every claim was older and juster than "that telephone girl's!" It wasn't the house they cared about. Indeed the house might fall down any time. Jones the builder, who knew it well, had often said so. As for the Dr. Johnson's inkstand and the Disraeli chair, in the absence of documents to prove any association with these exalted personages, they weren't worth much. And Philips, the carrier, who'd taken the young woman's trunks up, said the antiques in the judge's suite were practically hollow with woodworm.

But the portrait!

"Any of us has more right to the portrait than that little hussy," said Mrs. Duncombe, Mrs. Pontefract's neighbour on the south. "Why, for the last twenty years, Connie's been coming round regularly twice a week in the evening and saying I'm cooking something that smells good, and what is it. And when I tell her, she's crazy about it. Anything from roast turkey to pig's knuckles, she's crazy about it and we have to ask her in."

A dozen neighbours testified to similar experiences. Mrs. Pontefract had held them up for lunches, suppers and even, sometimes, breakfasts. The doctors, dentists, and opticians had given the old lady free services. The tradespeople had allowed her to run up bills. Everyone and anyone had a better claim than Miss Lucy Bassett.

MRS. TAYLOR, the confectioner's wife, ventured a minority viewpoint. "It's true," she said, "that we've given Mrs. Pontefract a few free meals and a little credit. But Mrs. Pontefract gave us *our town!* I remember when I was a little girl how it started. She saw a boy run over in the street. He had two broken legs and no place to go, not a doctor within miles. She took him into her own home, and she gave half a million, right then and there, to start the hospital. She's given us libraries, schools, parks, playgrounds. And all that meant *employment.* Lots of us owe our living to her."

"So what?" retorted Mr. Jackman, the postmaster. "So in her old age she don't belong to us any more, and this stranger can come in and take her away from us?"

"I can't see that the girl has *any* right to the portrait," argued Mrs. Mannering, the antique dealer. "Thirty years ago my father got an expert from the British Museum to appraise that picture, and they offered her twenty thousand then. It must be worth very much more today."

A week later, the bomb actually fell. Mrs. Pontefract made a new will leaving the portrait to Lucy Bassett. There was no doubt about it. Tom Rafferty's secretary, Miss Dixon, typed the document herself. She entrusted the information under a pledge of secrecy to her best friend, Miss Clancy, who promptly relayed it throughout the town.

That weekend three things happened in the following order: 1. Miss Bassett was fired from her job. 2. A brick crashed through Miss Bassett's bedroom window after dusk, greatly startling Mrs. Pontefract who happened to be there. 3. Mrs. Pontefract died of heart failure.

The first visitor, after the news got out, was Mrs. Winston.

"I came right over because I was Connie's oldest friend," she gushed, oozing saccharine tears. "We travelled everywhere together."

"I know." Miss Bassett's face was inscrutable.

"Connie was so *fond* of me, always," Mrs. Winston went on determinedly. "She *insisted* that she was going to leave me that portrait of her great-grandmother — the Gilbert Stuart portrait."

"She left it to me, Mrs. Winston."

"How very odd! I wonder why?"

"Because I asked her to, I think."

Mrs. Winston was hard put to it not to sink her nails into the calm, sad face. She controlled herself enough to say sweetly: "I suppose you just didn't *know* it was promised to me. I could contest the will, of course. But out of respect for Connie's memory I'd sooner settle it privately. I'd give you a thousand pounds, Miss Bassett."

Lucy's face appeared to have turned to marble. For a while she did not speak, and when she did her voice seemed to have turned to marble too.

"This is not a shop," she said stonily. "This is a private home in which a public benefactress lies dead. Good night, Mrs. Winston."

WHEN the funeral was over and all Constance Pontefract's debts were paid, nothing was left except the portrait, which Mr. Rafferty delivered in person to Miss Bassett. She had left the old mansion and was back in her boarding house where, curiously enough, she was now treated with the respect due to a woman of property.

"Well, here it is," said Mr. Rafferty heavily, handing it over. "I've no doubt you've had offers for it, Miss Bassett, but I wouldn't advise you to sell it."

"Why do you say that?" asked Lucy curiously. "Not that I have any intention of selling it."

Mr. Rafferty whistled a tuneless melody and avoided her eyes.

"I don't know that you deserve to be warned," he said after a while, addressing the wall, "but you did stick it out with Connie to the end, whatever your motives, and no doubt you put up with plenty. So I'll tell you."

"Won't you sit down?" she asked courteously, waving him to a chair.

He seated himself with a grunt.

"Constance Pontefract," he began, "was once a very wealthy woman. She had a husband and two children, all of whom she loved immoderately but not very wisely. Her husband was even wealthier than she, and he helped her in all her charities and benefactions, until he died when she was in her early thirties. The children, however, like most spoiled brats, did not turn out well. The girl married a handsome crook who blackmailed his mother-in-law for thirty years until he was killed in a street fight. That took a big slice out of the Pontefract fortune."

Miss Bassett nodded but said nothing.

"The son played around for years. He drank and gambled and womanized and bled his mother until she finally gave him an ultimatum: He was to take a job and settle down or she'd cut him out of her will. She meant it, too. You know what Connie was."

Again Miss Bassett nodded.

"By that time she was well over sixty and most of her money was gone. However, she used her influence and got him a position on the Stock Exchange. He married and had two children. Everything seemed to be going well. Then one day he came to her for help. He'd embezzled forty thousand pounds which had to be refunded at once or—jail."

Again Miss Bassett nodded her pretty head.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Come Back To Eden

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Miss Brett—Lucy—stop!" cried the Professor, labouring after her. "What use will it be to summon the faithful if there is none to answer? Do you choose to reject your destiny as the mother of mankind? Are you blind to the conception of Brett Island as the cradle of a new and nobler Golden Age?"

"*Brat* Island would be an apter name for it," Miss Brett flung over her shoulder. She halted and allowed him to draw level. The warm wind blew her fine red hair round her furious face.

"Permit me to inform you that I am not just a perambulating parcel of genes and chromosomes."

"No, indeed," panted the Professor. "You are an eminent zoologist. Your monograph on crustacean parasites is the last word on the subject."

"So much is obvious," stormed Miss Brett, kicking away an empty crab shell. "I am a *woman*," she added, clencing her fists and trembling with indignation.

"I would be the last to deny it. It is what I have been at pains to point out to you. You asked me just now if I did not recognize divine intervention in our escape from death. I will, if you like, agree that there is something providential both in that and in the fact that we are of opposite sexes. But if we agree on this, we must also affirm the corollary of your moral and ethical responsibility to perpetuate your species."

"I reject it absolutely. Since the most humanity can do is to destroy itself, what is the use of starting the ridiculous process all over again?"

"Few philosophers would agree with you."

"There are no philosophers left, so their opinions are not obtainable."

"That does not affect the main issue, which is a personal one," shouted the Professor, dropping his conciliatory tone. "Say what you will, you cannot evade your plain duty and obligation—"

"MY plain duty at the moment," Miss Brett exploded," is to tell you that you are quite repugnant to me. I have a fair and proper share of womanly feelings, for which you show not the faintest regard. You are cold, callous and inconsiderate, a living compendium of theories and formulas. But you have yet to learn that there are certain things for which no theory is adequate and no formula exists. I am one of them. And if you think you can coerce me into partnership in a chemical combination for the sake of an experiment in eugenics, you are mistaken. Why, I wouldn't marry you if you were the ——" she stopped, gazed at him in wild dismay and burst into tears.

For several days after this they hardly spoke to each other. The Professor was given no chance to renew his argument. It was clear that Miss Brett would neither be convinced nor persuaded. Her implacable opposition shocked and mortified him. It was the last thing he had expected in a fellow scientist, and he did not know how to deal with it. Yet deal with it, somehow, he must.

He sat one evening on an outcrop of coral overlooking the reef, absorbed in profound thought on the nature of women in general and Miss Brett in particular. It had occurred to him that he might be on the wrong track in assessing her as a scientist and not as the basic material out of which a scientist had been created. It was as if, during the course of a perfunctory piece of research work, a microscopic slide had suddenly revealed new and bewildering implications. What, he asked himself, under such circumstances would he do? Plainly, he would examine the phenomenon closely, bringing to bear all the resources of a mind trained in logical deduction. His knowledge of the female sex, derived from scant experience but a mass of statistical and analytical reading, contained only a few facts which appeared to have any significance in the present situation. Women were physically more complicated, mentally more sensitive, than men. They were also capricious. If Miss Brett's resistance was due to caprice then it was indefensible and must not be allowed to stand in the way of the tremendous issues involved. (He toyed with the idea of forcible subjugation of the female by the male for progenitive purposes, but quickly abandoned it. Not only was it distasteful. It was also impracticable. Miss Brett was younger and taller than he was, and unusually muscular). Women were emotionally more highly developed. Their reproductive processes needed a stimulus. (Ah, this was more promising.) This stimulus—vaguely described as *Love* for want of a better word—could be supplied by a manifestation of affection which need not be genuine so long as it was cleverly simulated. That being so, an obvious course of action presented itself.

LATER that evening while Miss Brett, still in hostile silence, was crouched by the fire preparing taro root for their supper, he approached her again. He knelt down, removed his glasses and laid them carefully on the grass. Then he put his arms round her and kissed her cautiously on the left cheek. Her skin had a downy texture. The taste was salty but pleasing.

The consequences of the overture were rather surprising. Miss Brett, without hesitation, returned both the embrace and the kiss, and he was interested to discover that the contact produced in him sensations of a highly pleasurable kind. Strong tremors ran through them both, similar to those they had often observed in the mating ecstasies of lower biological orders. The tremors increased in violence. They clung to each other fiercely.

"Lucy—dear Lucy——" gasped the Professor.

"Oh, Cyril, for such a long while I've hoped, I've prayed, for this! That is why your purely objective proposition so offended me. I should have guessed from your tender care of me when I was ill that the event I prayed for had already taken place." (*Continued on page 79*)

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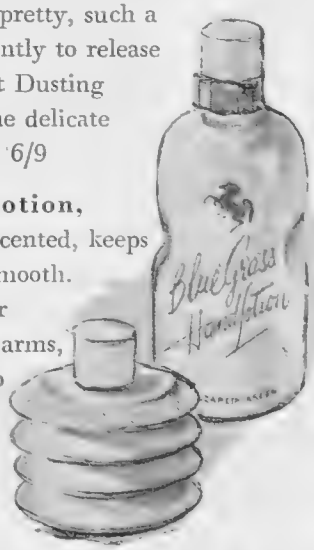

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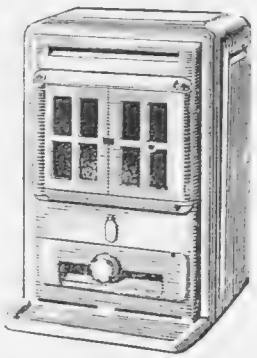

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"By that time, they'd skinned Connie between them; they'd drained her dry. She had nothing left except a few hundred pounds and a valuable portrait by Gilbert Stuart. She came to my father, who was then her attorney, and asked him to negotiate the sale of the portrait with one stipulation: It was not to be exhibited in her lifetime. It was sold to an American for thirty thousand pounds. Connie redeemed her son's debt, and with the balance of the money she sent him out to Australia, where he still is, for all I know. But before the portrait was taken away, she had a copy made of it, just to save her face before the townsfolk here."

"I know," said Lucy Bassett. "I've known all along."

Mr. Rafferty rose to his feet and stared at her incredulously.

"Connie *told* you?" This was beyond belief.

"She didn't have to. You see, it was my father who made the copy. I'd seen it before, in our own home. That's why I asked her to leave it to me. Remember, she recalled his name, Henry Bassett. . . ."

Mr. Rafferty clutched his hair.

"By God, so she did! She remembered the name, but she couldn't place him. So you—confound it, Lucy, I was right about you! You're what I told her you were—strong, sweet, generous, anxious to help the old. When I think of all you've put up with, not only from her but from the town, oh, Lucy, you're wonderful!"

The Portrait And The People

"No," cried Miss Bassett emotionally, "you're wrong. The reason I went to look after her was—I hate to tell you, Tom, but I'd rather give you the truth—my mother was a good deal like Mrs. Pontefract. She was proud and overbearing and she liked to patronize people, and I—I hated it. I detested the way she gave herself airs and pretended to be better than anyone else. I didn't realize that it was sheer courage, that she was dying."

"You poor kid."

"So when Mrs. Pontefract needed me, it was as if God had given me another chance, you see. I couldn't go back and be nice to my mother, but I could expiate my hatefulness by being better to the old lady. I made up my mind that I'd put up with *anything*; that no matter what she said or did, that I would never lose my temper or answer back. And no matter what people said about me, I'd never defend myself. And I never did."

"Darling, You're wonderful. You're wonderful."

Her voice did not have its usual sweet clarity, being muffled against his shoulder, when she said, a little later, "So we'll never sell the portrait, Tom?"

He put a hand under her chin and lifted her face to his as he murmured, "No, no, sweetheart. We'll keep it for our children."

END

Talking Shop

(Continued from page 41)

being able to command immediate attention in a busy restaurant. But like all talents, it needs fostering, mastering, and then using.

These women not only know what they want. They want what they *know*. In short, they have mugged it up, and their apparently effortless selection is the clear result of thought, study and a plan.

I've a theory that a great proportion of the shopping flops that smear the streets or lurk miserably, unworn, in dark wardrobes, were caused by taking a friend along.

There couldn't be a more mistaken idea that a woman, unless she is almost wholly angel, can for long sustain the rôle of sounding board, wise counsellor and yes (or no) woman, in the atmosphere of a big department store.

At first this best friend will be right there by your side, ready with her cautious and considered counsel on the clothes you are trying on. She will say that you can't wear such a strange green (you thought it brought out your eyes); or that that high waisted line is a little risky (you thought it flattered you); or that the blue and brown check would be awfully useful (you are indifferent to it).

Shortly, drawn by a magnetism she cannot resist, she will be off and away on her own researches, and first thing you know she's in a fitting-room of her own, calling for your cautious and considered counsel.

With a spanner thrown into the works of your own judgment, with all this precious time wasted on her, with the knowledge pressing on you that you must buy something to wear for tomorrow, you decide, weakly, on the brown and blue check. And, later, strap-hanging home in the rush hour, you can only hope that your face does not betray your dark thoughts, which run something on these lines . . . is there a special name, like patricide, for the murder of a best friend?

NO, taking a chum shopping is little help unless you have her in the hollow of your hand, or know, for sure, that she has no money to spend on herself. Then, if not constructively helpful, she can, by a pre-arranged code between you, get you out of the place gracefully, if your customer-resistance towards something you don't like is being gradually worn down by a high-powered brand of hypnotic sales talk.

Husbands seem to be the newest thing in shopping companions. And since I find it takes all my high-powered brand of hypnotic sales talk to wear down my husband's resistance toward doing his *own* shopping—let alone trail round on mine—I never cease to marvel at, and envy, those fortunate women who have this great power over men.

Shopping husbands are usually big, solid characters who sit smoking and staring fixedly at the carpet, waiting for their wives to appear and reappear before them looking sweetly awkward in naked top evening dresses because their leather walking shoes always show.

Who can tell if a man's opinion helps a woman to choose her clothes? They say that if we dressed the way men like it we would spend our lives in tight black satin and large, veiled hats. But perhaps the big solid characters are only there to give constructive counsel on the price tag.

SUPPOSE you decide on the very real pleasure of shopping on your own, it is an idea to start with a pilot scheme. Spend a little time looking around, window shopping. If there are no day hours to spare for this, use the evening hours. The shop windows are brightly lit for most of the evening, and there's something extraordinarily pleasing about them, when the shopping crowds have jostled themselves home, and you can take your tranquil time acquiring a general picture, studying prices and then measuring both factors against your requirements and your purse.

This preliminary assessment is like the vital necessary tacking of a garment. It takes time, and you may be impatient to get on with the real work, but nothing can be properly put together without it.

When you are finally embarked on the day itself, work out your route with purpose and geographical common sense, so that you are in no danger of having to cart a heavy package around for six hours, and so that your travel between shops is not circuitous, but strictly point to point.

The route can be worked in with a legible list of your needs and the shops you'll visit. Scoring off each purchase as it is made brings a remarkable sense of something *done*.

What to wear when buying something to wear? Well, your most comfortable shoes, of course, and if you have one, a dress that can be stepped into. There will be enough pulling things over your head when you start trying on. Take a chiffon scarf to tie right over your head and face, as the model girls do for changing. It saves that dragged-through-a-hedge look, and keeps your powder dry.

The good shopper needs zest, attack and a steady measured *(Continued on page 80)*

"To be honest, dear Lucy, at that time it had not. I was concerned to preserve you undamaged because, like a special culture in my laboratory, you were necessary to me for experimental purposes. Though, of course, the Behaviourists might argue that this was merely a conditioned reflex springing from more complex motivation."

"Whatever the motivation," murmured Miss Brett, "the results are most gratifying—and the prospect before us equally so. We have everything here to make us happy—except for birds and other creatures, which I miss not only for their companionship but dietetically, too."

"On the other hand," said the Professor, "there are neither ants, flies nor scorpions to annoy us. And on the dietetic score, there is the probability of living organisms developing again from proterozoic matter. This will take several million millennia—which I admit is a long time to wait before we can hope for an egg for breakfast—"

"Talking of evolution, there is one further question which ought to be settled. What explanation should we offer our children with regard to the origin of species?"

The professor paused before replying. In the glow of new and strange emotion which filled him he was aware of a need to compromise, even at the sacrifice of hitherto rigid principles.

"My love," he said at last, "the fact that modern physics is inclined to re-invite a supernatural, or religious, interpretation of the universe, coupled with the idyllic surroundings here, provides a ready solution. We have given your name to this island. I now propose that we re-christen it New Eden. Eden without the Serpent. This will do for the time being. In years to come, since the chances of a high I.Q. in our issue are genetically greater than a low one, they will undoubtedly attempt to arrive at the truth for themselves."

"The truth?" queried Miss Brett. "What is Truth?"

At this point a coconut dropped from the palm tree above. Missing their heads by a margin of inches it landed on the Professor's eyeglasses, smashing them to bits. He was delighted.

"I should never have found the courage to do it myself. Now we can go ahead with the rest of the Plan. We will burn all the books, scientific data and records of the expedition. After that we will load the instruments in the Polliscope and sink her in the deepest part of the lagoon. But before doing so, I will make a final contribution to the adjustment of our differences, since I am sure you would wish it. The Polliscope is an ocean-going craft; I am the master of her complement and as such am empowered to perform the marriage ceremony. I see no reason why I should not do so on my own behalf.

"*Thank you*, dearest!"

They resumed their interrupted embrace under the lambent eye of an enormous tropical moon.

END

Fit To Live With?

(*Continued from page* 15)

is merely "fashionable" and most gadgety bits of nonsense: the patently obvious secret drawer and that whole family of shams, the things which pretend to be, or turn into, something else.

There are, too, designs that, like some people, have irritating little mannerisms intolerable if we have to live with them. Some curtain fabrics, for example, when hung in folds as they will be in use, develop disconcerting diagonal lines or other unexpected characteristics because part of the pattern is hidden. Yet every day are to be seen shoppers choosing their curtain fabrics from flat samples!

There is a special lesson, I think, to be learned from the person who shines well enough in her own setting but loses all her lustre when out of her context: like those eye-arresting fabrics which look wonderful draped over an eight foot high stand but are sadly lacking in composure in a nine foot high sitting-room.

For that matter, most exhibition rooms are a bit like this. The best designer in the world will not always resist the temptation to create an arresting showpiece and allowance must be made for his frailty. But, unlike the great painting and musical or literary work, those minor works of art which make up our homes have no real independence. They are only ever truly "good" in relation to their surroundings and by this score the same piece of furniture or fabric may be either "good" or "bad." Only recently I saw an exhibition room in which every single object and pattern was individually "good" yet the whole effect was disastrous because nothing was quite right with anything else.

WE'VE all met the new acquaintance who sparkles so brilliantly at first meeting, who disappoints us the second time—because he has nothing in reserve. And this, perhaps, gives the clue to the whole business of what makes certain designs, like certain people, fit to live with. We have a right to expect that they will not exhaust their entire fund of wit and common sense in the first five minutes. It is probably too much to expect to go on getting precisely the same *kind* of thrill out of them as we did at first. For we are not made to live eternally on the heights. The happiest marriage—and the successful home is a marriage of a great variety of different objects—is that in which the original glamour has blossomed imperceptibly into a calmer, more enduring companionship which is never boring because the partners are constantly revealing new unsuspected depths and a lifetime is not too long to learn all there is to learn.

I do not think the analogy is far-fetched. (*Continued on page* 81)

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pace. Skittering around will achieve nothing, except fatigue.

She appreciates and respects a bargain, but doesn't regard everything marked down as a bargain. It is not in her shopping philosophy to buy a hat invitingly labelled ten shillings in the fugitive hope that it may sometime come in. She knows darn well that it will come in sometime for the rummage sale.

She believes in immediate teaming up with every saleswoman who will cross her path and puts forth the antennae of her charm to feel for this most necessary co-operation.

She then proceeds to consolidate the unity by her tactful manner and flattering approach, which imply that though she knows what she wants down to the last stitch, she's prepared to change everything at the drop of a hat if attractive alternatives can be produced and let's have none of this stupid nonsense

about the customer being always right.

The good shopper doesn't always achieve miracles; but they can happen to any of us. On some bright day you might set off to shop with the happy, assured feeling that if it were only left to you you could soon put the whole world right, single-handed. It would be a mistake to assume because of this that awaiting you behind those big glass portals, just this once, is the dream dress, the magical suit in the remote shade you've searched for, at the price you can pay, and a wonderful fit, even though you are an awkward in-between size.

On the other hand, it could mean just that, which is what makes shopping such a fascinating and altogether satisfying experience.

END

Craftsmanship From India

(*Continued from page 45*)

The men who do this work always tell visitors with some pride of their "factories," but these, in most cases, are just the back part of some open-fronted shop where they sell and display their goods; or, if they are in business on a larger scale, may be a room or a shed with some hired hands sitting cross-legged on the floor, painting the tiny china flowers and kingfishers and moguls on the vases.

Some of the salesmen have their own houseboats which are moored alongside the Bund, which is Srinagar's fashionable walking-out place. Others have shops and showrooms in the old city.

As the river, on the banks of which the capital, Srinagar has been built, winds about like a corkscrew, coming back on itself time and again, it has been spanned by bridges—seven, in all—and these serve as a postal identification: First Bridge, or Third Bridge, and so on.

Other salesmen wait outside the one big hotel in Srinagar, Nedous Hotel, and waylay tourists as they leave. This hotel is built on the old lines of buildings in India, with a compound, and so many touts want to peddle their wares to the guests, who live in several large barrack-like buildings inside this compound, that the hotel authorities have posted guards at the gate! Salesmen are usually only allowed in if they can prove that someone wants to see their wares.

They carry their goods in sacks that look rather like mail-bags and either travel with this in the back of a horse-drawn tonga, or else balance it on the crossbar of their cycle. If they can find no excuse for coming inside the compound, then they wait outside with their own tongas ready to drive the visitor to their showroom. Others have boats, called *shikaris*, on the river, and these, propelled by a man with a pole, as in a punt, are about as quick as the tongas.

SOME salesmen adopt odd names in order to attract attention. One calls himself Suffering Moses, another "Subhana—the Worst" ("I don't have to say my stuff is the best, I say it's the worst and people get interested," he explains). A third successful man with his own "factory" is not a man at all, but a boy of 12. He calls himself the "Four Foot Salesman," because he is only four foot tall, and on this account he is widely patronized and must hope he never grows any taller.

When it is winter in Kashmir and cold for working, the craftsmen still squat on the floor, but with one difference: they cover themselves with rugs or old blankets, and under these they conceal tiny little charcoal braziers. These are very small, shaped like bowls, and surrounded by a wickerwork basket. A few pieces of red-hot charcoal are put inside them and glow for hours, giving out a surprising amount of warmth. Sometimes these "individual heaters" are worn under loose coats, tied to a belt, or hanging from a strap round the wearer's neck.

Kashmir papier mâché is made much as papier mâché is made elsewhere—of old sheets of paper pulped together with water and mixed into a thick paste with glue. Some times clay or chalk or fine white sand is added so that the pulp becomes thicker and more like wet plaster.

In 1772, a man named Henry Clay, of Birmingham, invented a method of making papier mâché panels which could be used for doors in coaches, and his system is still sometimes used in Kashmir when large trays are being fashioned.

Several sheets of thick paper are soaked together in size and glue and then placed one on top of the other and pressed into a mould. The tray is then dipped in oil to harden it. The beautiful designs are painted in afterwards, and they are varnished so that the colours will not run.

Here is Eastern craftsmanship in one of its finest forms; and one in which it has never been surpassed by anything the West can do.

END

Ornaments Are A Personal Affair

(*Continued from page 29*)

in your choice of home for these ornaments.

Remember that glass, for example, will like to preen itself where the light can fall through it. It is not difficult to arrange a few plate-glass shelves across a window without interfering with its opening or shutting. And a collection of mainly white ornaments might like the foil of deep red as a background.

Remember, too, the *orderly* reiteration of the simplest shape is itself highly decorative. Higgledy-piggledy arrangements seldom are. The regular group of prints is more ornamental than the disturbing pyramidal effects one sometimes sees. For that matter, a whole wall of prints which becomes a "feature" is more satisfying than the same number dispersed on all four walls. Again, plates ranged round a shelf near the ceiling are not really very decorative. For one thing you can't see them properly. But in a regular group, even covering an entire wall, they are twice blest; individually and by virtue of the pattern they make together.

An effective device to give a miscellaneous collection of ornaments that built-into-the-room look is the "egg-crate": simply a series of small, open-fronted boxes, or longer boxes with vertical divisions, attached to the wall. With a lining of coloured paint or small-patterned wallpaper they are perfect miniature "display cases" and can be added to on the unit principle when necessary. Unfortunately, so far as I know they cannot be bought but, since each is only four pieces of wood knocked together, they are not too difficult to contrive.

END

Fit To Live With?

For surely it is so with the best-loved things about us : the painting whose message, unlike that of the chocolate box top, is disclosed only little by little with the years, the piece of furniture whose masterly proportions are a continual source of quiet pleasure?

And to continue the analogy, although only the cynic would deny that love at first sight may be real enough, *marriage* at first sight is to say the least a risk. If we made it a rule never to buy at first sight anything with which we shall have to go on living but to go away and think about it and "round it," visualizing exactly what we want to do with it, there might be fewer broken "friendships" in our homes.

FOR I refuse to believe that there is any dark mystery about this thing called taste, despite the "experts" who would have us believe that some are born with it and some are not. They have a vested interest in perpetuating the mystery but the real expert is only the person who knows sufficient to recognize how little he really does know. At best, he has learned to *think* on his special subject—and the design of our homes is surely the special subject of each of us?

Really *thinking* will help us to assess both the aesthetic and functional values of even the simplest things we are offered. For the two are never wholly divorced. The thoroughly ineffectual person has few friends, except perhaps those with an over-developed protective instinct, and the really inefficient design will rarely seem beautiful for long.

We are buying a clock, for example. Clearly, its first duty is to keep good time—but this we must take largely on trust. What else do we expect of it? Surely that the figures are easy to read at a glance and are not replaced with mere blobs or, more confusing still, irrelevant little pictures? Surely, too, that we can easily distinguish between minute and hour hands? Astonishingly often it is difficult to do this. We may even ask ourselves whether, since the hands of a clock go *round*, a face with numbers disposed awkwardly in a square is not at best illogical.

This apparently well-designed kitchen whisk—will those tortuous blades not prove impossible to clean? Won't they perhaps waste half our precious cream because we can't get it off? That contemporary wooden toast rack with solid divisions? Charming enough to look at—but won't solid divisions turn toast flabby in a matter of very few seconds?

But all this is really a matter of going through life with our eyes open, really seeing the things around us. A field of grass is green, we say, yet the artist—who is only someone whose eyes are opened—tells us that it is not "green" at all, but a subtle mixture of green, blue, brown, yellow and a hundred other shades which anyway vary with every breeze that blows. We are probably shocked if told that the four walls of our sitting-room do not match—did we not paint them from precisely the same pot? But—*look* at them—the window wall is several shades deeper than the rest because of the way the light falls on it.

And if you ask what all this high-falutin' stuff about art and artists has to do with buying an egg whisk for the kitchen or a new sideboard for the living-room, I will reply that the making of a home is the most universal of all the arts—and still one of the most rewarding there is.

END

Too Grown-up At Seventeen?

(*Continued from page* 13)

with her governess." We do not attempt to keep young daughters in the background, now. Schoolrooms at home, and governesses, have little place in the average house. We cannot afford them. The growing girl shares the life of the grown-ups to an extent never known hitherto, for the simple reason that there is nowhere else for her to be. . . .

Is it to be wondered that she feels herself grown up sooner than her mother did? To quote once again—Charlotte Brontë's flighty Genevra Fanshaw (in *Villette*) explains that she is being sent to a Brussels finishing-school because Papa said she was "a sweet creature enough but rather too bread-and-butter." There are no bread-and-butter misses in today's pattern. How can there be?

Everything encourages and helps your young daughter to be aware of herself, to make the best of herself, to be conscious that she is a-woman-in-the-making. Shops have *boutiques* for her at special prices. One well-known store startled me by exhibiting a notice, TEENAGER BAR, which merely meant sandwiches, coffee, etc., but sounded highly sophisticated. Magazines advise her on points of grooming, dress-sense, expert and unexaggerated make-up. Well-known writers for girls sensibly admit that your daughter in her teens is as conscious of young men as young men are conscious of her. They set out with kindliness to clear the earliest path of sex-consciousness and young emotions of its prickly and painful gaucheries and gaffes.

She is definitely self-willed. She is outspoken and, not infrequently, rude, because she feels free (as you and I did not, to the same extent) to say what she feels. The result is sometimes as though a tap were too brusquely and vigorously turned on and there's a general spurt and splash.

(*Continued on page* 82)

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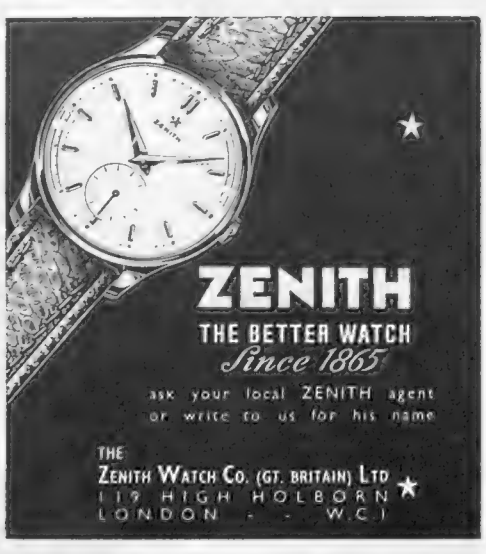
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You feel that she is precocious. You also feel, at times, that her very young heart is frighteningly hard, at least where you are concerned. I was rather hit in the solar plexus when I heard a friend of mine say quite coolly and casually of her children:

"I'm pleased to say Peg really is rather fond of me. Pippa, I think, frankly dislikes me. . . ."

I soon realized that Pippa did nothing of the sort. She and a brilliant, temperamental mother were merely going through a difficult patch. If you and your troublesome young daughter really dislike one another, something is terribly wrong and "rotten in the State of Denmark. . . ." But I firmly believe these to be minority cases, or, far more often, a matter of temporary exacerbation on either side.

In the old days it was taken for granted that parents and children loved one another and any suggestion that they did not would have been unseemly, almost obscene. And in consequence, sometimes (by no means always, but sometimes . . .), what deeps of irritation, frustration, and mutual bitterness, seethed, pent up below the mute surface.

YOUR girl feels free to show when she disagrees with you, when she is annoyed with you, when she certainly does not consider you perfect! Sometimes she feels considerably too free. . . . But, if your relationship is normal, do not, I urge you, say or even feel that she is without natural affection for you. Do, also, remember that there is a lifetime in growth between your adolescent child and the adult which she will become. At fifteen or sixteen she may find you a thorn in the flesh, and you wonder, disconsolately, what's happened to the adorable child you once possessed. At twenty-five or six, you are likely to find yourself with a lovable and loving young friend, who is to be heard saying: "Mum, you're a wonder!" instead of "Can't you *ever* understand?"

But, you say in desperation, what am I to *do* with her, through the stage of brambles and brickbats? One's only human—and it's getting me down. . . .

I have to say that it is not only a question of what you do now, but of what you have been doing all along. I have known girls who were prize pests in adolescence because they had been spoilt from babyhood. You cannot do that, and wake up to the fact that your child is a nuisance to herself and everyone else, and then expect to roll up your sleeves and "re-mould her nearer to the heart's desire."

But let us assume that yours is the average

Too Grown-up At Seventeen?

case. You watch, dismayed and aggravated, your nice, warm-hearted child turning into a girl-goblin. Exhibiting traits for which you cannot account, and most of them, traits which you particularly dislike. What's to be done?

I can only offer an opinion. I would not dare to dogmatize. But I believe the answer to be: Love; Patience and Courage.

DON'T let us take it all too hard. Don't let the beloved, tiresome creature feel herself perpetually up against disapproval and criticism. You still represent Power, however much she repudiates the idea, and she is knocking her wilful head and kicking her growing feet against the wall which you appear in her uncertain, excited eyes. Face the fact that you are not entirely concerned with her shortcomings for her own sake; they are wearing you out, getting under your skin, sending you Round The Bend. Your love and patience saw her through the times when she was blotchy with measles and being volcanically and inconveniently sick with whooping-cough. Let them surround her through this time of more painful and equally temporal blemishes.

The courage needed is a special brand. And, in my view, of the utmost importance. The courage to maintain, in face of all the psychological - psychiatric pronouncements which will bludgeon you, that the parent is *not* always wrong. That parents have their claims as well as offspring. Not to dumb acquiescence nor to shackled and manacled obedience, but to just so much decency and courtesy as one civilized human being accords to another.

There is far too much, in the over-charged air around us, of an atmosphere which blames the parent, first, last, and all the time, for any undesirable development in the child. It echoes that sinister poem of A. L. Houseman's where the young man says he is to die next morning but it is his father and mother who should swing in his place. . . . Your young daughter is not a minx because you smacked her when she was six. Don't let her or anyone else tell you so.

Don't, in short, let her Get Away With It.

You've made as many mistakes as the next mother, no doubt; so have I; so have each and all of us. But there's really no need to let public outcry load you with every single one of hers, as well as your own. Let her carry a few of them herself . . . .

END

Making A Lily Pond (*Continued from page* 48)

be waterproofed by pudlow or other substance but you must wait for some weeks, changing the water frequently, to get rid of the alkali from the cement, before stocking the pond with fish. The alkali trouble can be got over by planting some flowering aquatic plants. These plants will need something to grow on, of course, but compost covered with inverted turves will be suitable.

My present garden already had a pond when we moved in. It was of regular oblong shape and rather deep. This kind of pool is perfect in a formal garden, but I wanted something which looked more natural.

First of all, the little brick edge, standing a foot or two high "protecting" the pond, was removed. Children cannot resist the temptation to balance on the wall and sooner or later they fall in. The edge of the pond is now more or less flat with two or three feet of paving around. At the sides, there is now a little ledge, only about three inches below the surface of the water. You see the idea? If a small child overbalances, the only harm done is wet feet. Moreover, this shallow ledge allows the birds to alight and drink with safety, and the goldfish can breed in the shallow protected water—replenishing stock without cost.

The sides of the pond are less regular and no longer cut sharply at right angles. A pool should, in any case, be slightly wider at the top than at the bottom so that, in winter, ice forming will not split the concrete sides.

The original pool was rather deep, so I made it shallower (about 1 ft. 6 in.) by placing breeze blocks at the bottom and built an island in the centre with little shady nooks for the fish to dart in and out, with pleasure to themselves and the onlookers.

A garden pond is doubly attractive with water lilies growing in it. The large-flowered hybrid kinds require 2 ft. of water over the crowns when planted. With the less vigorous kinds 18 in. of water is sufficient. With the pond about 1 ft. 6 in. deep, depressions of about 12 in. deep by 2 ft. square should be made in the bottom to take the basket of lily roots. If you wish to grow water-lilies, remember there must be sunshine on the pond for at least half the day, as these plants need warmed water.

To overcome the difficulty of "cloudy" water, introduce a few water snails and one or two fresh-water mussels into the pond. Snails clear the pond of decaying vegetation and the green growth that appears round the sides of plants.

Goldfish are more easy to obtain than they were immediately after the war. The golden rudd is deservedly popular because it lives mainly on flies and destroys mosquito larvae. When a pond is new it may be necessary to feed the fish artificially, but, in the normal way, they fend for themselves.

END

Puppets (*Continued from page 32*)

must be no supports from the back to the front of the theatre, otherwise the puppets couldn't get on and off the stage.

The actual construction of the stage is for the carpentering members of the family. The sewing personnel is called in to construct curtains and pelmet. The electrician supervises the lighting. Two strip lights inside the top of the proscenium arch are sufficient, but more elaborate lighting effects can be devised by the ingenious. Place a batten holder on each side of the proscenium arch, just behind the curtains, to take a 75-watt bulb each. Over each bulb put a three-sided box which has coloured windows in each side made from colour filters. By turning the box, you can get a flood lighting effect in many combinations of colour.

It won't be long before one of the members of the family, clever with his hands, will have a shot at making puppets for himself, instead of having to depend on bought ones. To begin to make a puppet, it is first necessary to make a full-size drawing of the puppet to scale, so as to arrive at the correct proportions. It depends, of course, upon the character and what it is required to do, but usually the head and hands are accentuated in size and the legs in length. This lays emphasis on the moving parts of the puppet. As a puppet is essentially a creature of movement, everything has to be designed to assist it to function freely and smoothly.

The faces can be modelled from papier mâché, but unless they are very skilfully done, they tend to look rough and grotesque. Better to carve them from wood, using plastic wood to build up features and to fill in where the chisel has dug too deep. A carpenter's vice fixed in the toolshed assists the operation and cuts down the risk of bloodshed among the younger tyros of sculpture.

The girls of the family will delight in dressing the puppet for his part. If this task falls to Mother, at least she can be thankful that the puppet will not grow out of his clothes like the other members of the family. On the other hand the clothes will have to be washed and ironed from time to time, so it is desirable to make them removable. There is one important point to look for when selecting the material for the trousers. Be sure that the material is thin and pliable or the movement of the legs will be impeded. Otherwise the puppet's clothes can be as bright and "theatrical" as you like—he can wear them.

This point will be reached, when the literary genius of the family has written a puppet play and wants a puppet "cast" to play it. Having become familiarized with the manipulation of a puppet and knowing what they can and cannot do, a puppet play is not difficult to write. It must have lots of action in it—the dialogue crisp and humorous. Don't overfeed the audience. Just tempt them and leave them wanting more is the secret.

Here are all the ingredients of a good performance. Like every other professional show, everything depends on rehearsals. "Practice makes perfect" is a good motto, but it is not true where puppets are concerned. Practice again and again, and you will get better and better, but never *perfect*. The only thing is that you will enjoy the rehearsals and preparation as much as the actual performance. And if I say that you will enjoy the performance rather more than your invited audience, I am not suggesting that the show will be anything less than brilliant. It is just that puppets exercise their fascination over everyone—and particularly the people who produce them.

END

Pioneering (*Continued from page 42*)

received by a noble Maori chief, Hongi Tepe, who made him a blood-brother. Wayne is everything a man should be—brave, virile, honest, straightforward—and not quite perfect, so that when Tepe's beautiful wife Moana becomes infatuated with him, he cannot help responding, and the ensuing complication of emotions blights his dream of a peaceful settlement living side by side with the Maoris in harmony of trade and interest. Tepe never turns against Wayne, who dies despairing in a war with another tribe. The spirit of his essential goodness lives on, however, and is seen at the end to have made understanding possible. From such beginnings New Zealand has today grown to be one of the happiest mixed communities in the world.

For some scenes in the ship's cabin and a forest clearing, ambitious sets were built at Pinewood, but the bulk of this exhilarating outdoor picture was shot among the forests and hills of New Zealand, in the actual Maori country where the first settlements were established.

The film was shot in Kodak's new Eastmancolour, now perfected, after long research, which has two great advantages over existing colour processes. The first, all-important on mountainous location work, is the small size of the camera. Eastmancolour uses only a single strip for shooting, which means a camera about eighteen inches square, as against one about five feet square needed for the triple-strip shooting of other processes. The second advantage is the faithfulness of the colour reproduction, made possible by a new colour-masking process, so that nothing of the wonderful natural colour of the New Zealand landscape is lost, and a sense of great reality achieved.

Jack Hawkins portrays the tough sea-dog, Phillip Wayne; Glynis Johns brings her considerable acting ability to the touching part of Marion his wife. The non-European cast is headed by the imposing Maori Inia Te Wiata, principal bass-baritone at the Covent Garden Opera, who besides being a great singer, is a very fine actor, and takes the part of the chief Hongi Tepe. Moana his wife is played by Laya Raki, who is half Javanese, and already well known on the Continent as a bewitching dancer.

Young Ken Annakin, who gave us *Holiday Camp*, *Miranda*, *The Planter's Wife* and *The Sword And The Rose*, directs.

END

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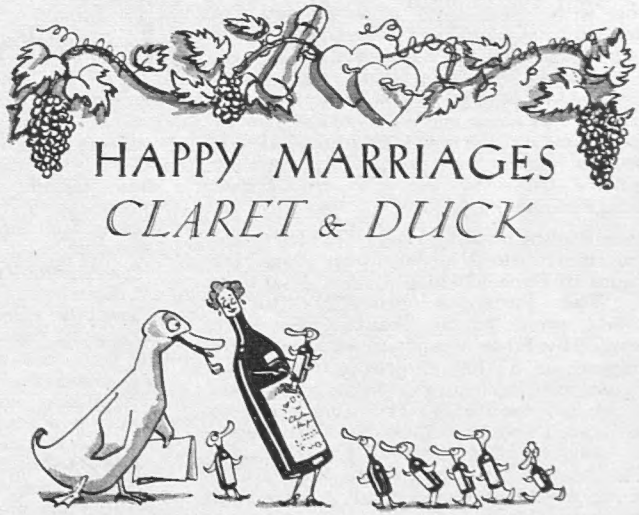

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Good Reading (*Continued from page 53*)

here, too, in Harold Lamb's **"Theodora And The Emperor"** (Hale, 18s.) is royalty in its private moments, apart from its Constantinople pomps. With a flexible grasp of history he gives a dramatic account of the life of the time.

Next to being an empress, perhaps the most exciting substitute is to go peak-scaling with a husband, especially one who was on the first U.S. expedition tackling K2, now the world's highest unconquered mountain. Patricia Petzoldt—**"On Top Of The World"** (Collins, 15s.)—makes us dizzy describing a climb up the North Wall of the Grand Teton, damp, icy, glass-smooth, bulging in the middle. Repeatedly she fell, until her waist was raw from rope burns. In all her climbing nothing has equalled the terror, nor the delight, of at last gaining the ledge. In the Punjab there were more perils, this time from religious fanatics. A breezy partnership makes a bracing book.

Presumably Heather Jenner's Bond Street Marriage Bureau had never yet been asked to "fix" royalty, though its clients have included four M.P.s, and since 1939 it has arranged just over 5,000 marriages, only three of which, as far as is known, ended in divorce. Miss Jenner matches people up with "all the ardour of a philatelist with his stamps, or an entomologist with his butterflies" and finds the job fascinating; how fascinating we may judge from the conclusions and case-histories in **"Marriage Is My Business"** (Wm. Kimber, 12s. 6d.). There seem to be so many snags, one marvels that anyone mates at all. She must be a magician.

Thank goodness she hadn't to deal with Amazon head-hunting Jivaros. When a young man is struck on a girl there, and she serves him with food in her home, he takes the gourd roughly, acts as unpleasantly as he can, tosses the stuff contemptuously on the ground. Thus, she knows he is strongly interested. He then makes a powder from a *muspa* plant, adds sweet herbs, takes them along with small gifts, tries to rub the powder on her hands and breasts, and if she lets him and takes the presents, all is well. He negotiates with her father, she goes to his *jivaria* to live, but there is no marriage ceremony. This is one of countless strange customs in Lewis Cotlow's **"Amazon Head-Hunters"** (Hale, 18s.), an exploration among primitive tribes by the man who filmed *Savage Splendour* in Africa.

One doubts if these crude Indians could learn much that is elevating from the account of Buchenwald and other Nazi hells in **"The Faramus Story"** (Wingate, 8s. 6d.) presented by Frank Owen, with foreword by Eddie Chapman, who met Tony Faramus in a Jersey prison during the occupation. Buchenwald had both male and female prostitutes. The other prisoners were bossed and bullied by the "Commies" who gorged and guzzled at private tables while the rest starved. An ugly, tragic story, but one we should know, if only to pray that it be never repeated.

Caps over the moon, please. John Brophy's novel, **"The Prime Of Life"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), has an elderly novelist-reviewer who won £100,000 in the Pools, so can now speak his mind about other novelists and reviewers, especially the Sunday "Top-Corner Boys" and spoilt brats! I've never known a reviewer win anything except his review copies, sometimes not even those; but quite a number manage to speak their minds, all the same. I'll speak mine by calling this a first-rate satire about a widower-editor who not only has to feminize his magazine or else—to appeal to women as "mothers and housewives and clothes-horses, as daydreaming romantics yearning to know Gregory Peck or Michael Wilding"—but falls for his son's fiancée. The secret places of the heart, plus the secret drawers of periodical editing, make this a yarn Mr. Brophy lustily enjoyed writing and we can lustily enjoy reading.

What do we know of Shakespeare's youth? So little that Gerald Bullett can imagine what he likes—and does in **"The Alderman's Son"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). Even that, before the Ann Hathaway affair which ends the book, he tutored a Countess's stepdaughter and was tutored in turn by the amorous Countess in a way youth cannot forget. I have seen a scathing Sunday review of this book, yet it has the pellucid background poetry one finds in Oliver Onions's tales and the boyish glamour of Jefferies's *Bevis*. I was actually enchanted by it!

Jon Cleary's **"The Climate Of Courage"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is twofold: the heart-warmth of Sydney to Aussie soldiers on leave with wives and sweethearts, the hell-blaze of New Guinea where only death stalks them on a desperate trek. It is a strong, forthright war-story, maybe with the sentiment sometimes overdone, but with wise asides like: "What makes the Aussie such a good . . . fighting soldier, is that he usually saves his cruelty for the battlefield. The older, more civilized races practise their cruelty on the home front."

Having all but done so earlier, Louis Golding ruefully buries Elsie Silver in **"To The Quayside"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). She has survived four books, to perish in the fifth after adventures linked with the girl Mila, which take her to Italy at the end of the campaign, to Buenos Aires in quest of her Nazi husband's fortune, back to Europe to join a shipload of Jewish D.P.s which is turned back from Palestine, and finally to dreaded Hamburg and merciful oblivion, a tragic figure hounded by the Fates. No need to say that a pageant of life surges through Mr. Golding's pages en route.

James Barke, too, buries Robert Burns in the fifth of his *Immortal Memory* series, **"The Well Of The Silent Harp"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), which novelizes his Dumfries years of drudgery, pain, tragedy, but also of "fulfilment and intellectual and spiritual vigour." There, Mr. Barke says, "he came to final terms with man in relation to human society: his philosophy ripened to full maturity . . . Deep in his soul, for him, the Ancient Days had grown ancient indeed." And deep in Mr. Barke's soul there must be a pride in his long-sustained achievement, though he can be a bit over-lusty about the bard's love affairs.

OTHER RECOMMENDED READING

"The Right To Marry," by A. P. Herbert (Methuen, 5s.).

The author urges a new outlook on the modern marriage ceremony, on divorce, and on the right to remarry within the Church.

"A History Of Russian Ballet," by Serge Lifar (Hutchinson, 21s.).

A complete history of Russian ballet up to the present day, by an artist who is not afraid of expressing his opinions with vigour.

"The Golden Encyclopaedia," by Dorothy A. Bennett (Publicity Products, 10s. 6d.).

The answers to thousands of childhood's questions—and the starting points of many more.

"Ideal Home Book, 1953-54" (*Daily Mail*, 12s. 6d.).

IN BRIEF

"The Secret Road," by Bruce Lancaster (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.). **"Crimson Is The Eastern Shore,"** by Don Tracy (Constable, 13s. 6d.). **"The Forester,"** by Maria Kuncewicz (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Jean-Michel,"** by John Knittel (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Borderline,"** by Vercors (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.). **"Consider These Women,"** by Hebe Elsna (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

END

London's Other University (*Continued from page 16*)

competitive examination taken after the normal three- or four-year course at an ordinary art school or college. "Testimonials of study," examples of work designed to show, in official language, "the student's knowledge and experience in his special subject and also the whole range of his experience and interests and the variety of his previous training," have first to be submitted.

Happily, virtually no one is today barred because of cost—fees are 60 gns. a year for the three-year course—for most local education authorities will give a grant.

Age limits, except for Fashion (seventeen to twenty-five years) are between eighteen and thirty so that few students can hope to earn a living before twenty-two at earliest.

Always, of course, the intangibles—the learning how to think, to observe, the contact with older, more cultured minds and personalities—together with the acquiring of the definite technical skills so essential to the artist, count in the long run more than any degree. All the same, the two diplomas awarded by the College possess a very high standing, not only in the academic world, but in that of industry, too.

The A.R.C.A. (Associate of the Royal College of Art), dating from 1896 when the College was made "Royal," is now mainly reserved for successful students of painting, sculpture, engraving, stained glass and graphic design. It is *the* recognized professional qualification, especially for art teachers.

Des.R.C.A. (Designer Royal College of Art), the second diploma, has equal standing but is awarded only to those graduating in wood, metals and plastics; ceramics; silversmithing and jewellery; industrial glass; textile design; fashion design or interior design. To qualify, passing the final examination is not enough. Nine months have then to be served as a wage earner in a practical designing job.

This realistic attitude has already put the College "on the map" with industry. More and more firms are coming round to the view that design doesn't just happen, but until recently all "college" designers were suspect by business.

Due to the quality of the staff—Professors R. D. Russell, Robert Goodden, Richard Guyatt and Sir Hugh Casson, for example, are working designers of international repute—the College receives an ever-increasing number of commissions for the design and execution of interior decoration, printed matter, furniture, silverware, etc.

"I like the student who fights to get in the school," is one of Mrs. Madge Garland's, Professor of Fashion Design, characteristic *mots*. A realist who knows from experience that a fashion designer must be skilled in workshop and factory methods as well as being sensitive to the trends and values of fashion, she insists that every one of the twenty-five students has a good basic knowledge of dressmaking and tailoring before entry.

Few women can resist jewellery so the third school I chose to visit was the small but important one of Silversmithing and Jewellery. Once again I was struck by the sureness of direction that characterizes the college. Professor Robert Goodden is himself a designer of exquisite precious jewellery.

END

1.3.54

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